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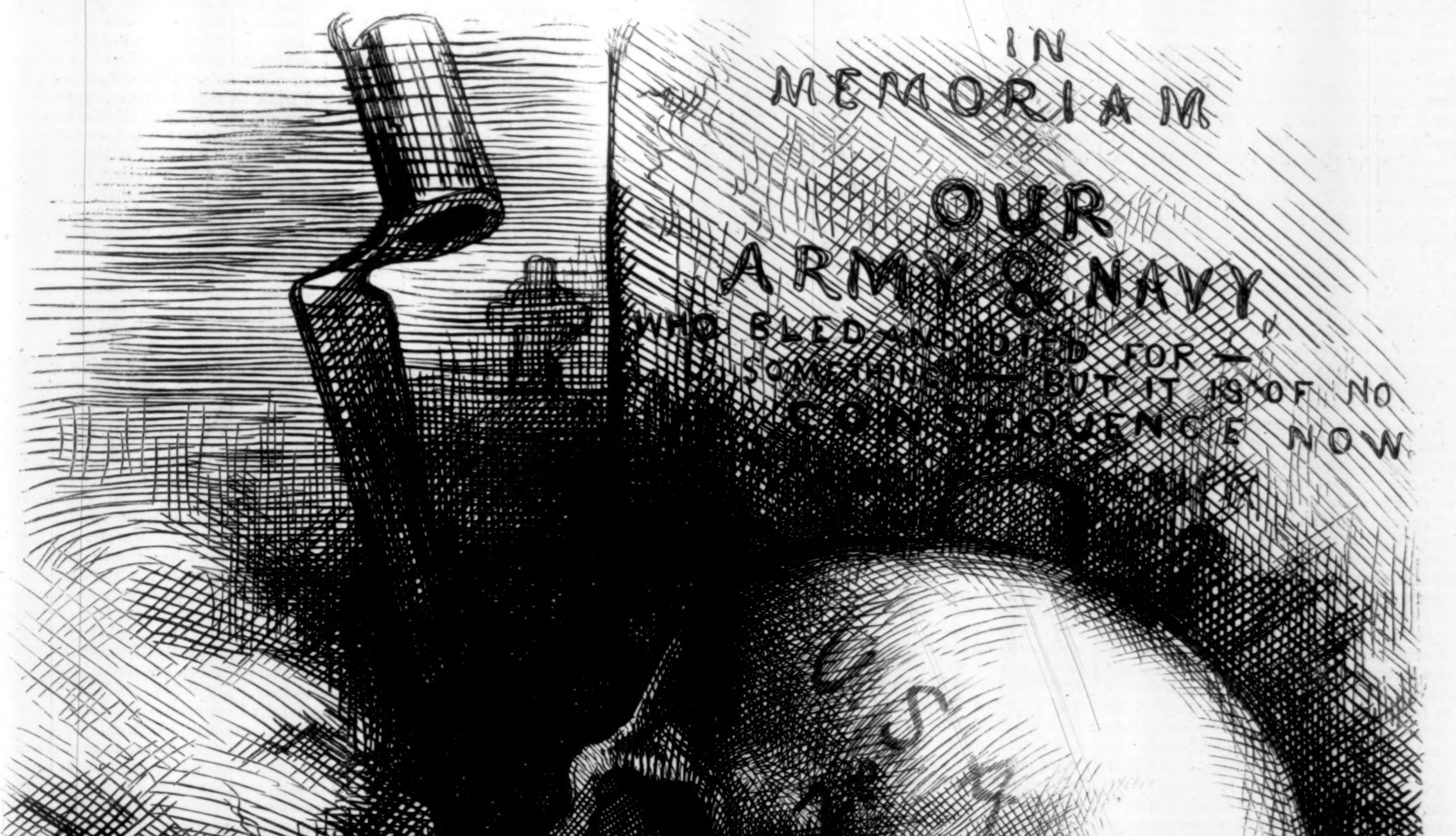


"To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?....As thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returned to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

"Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!"

EXHUMED.

☞ The attention of our readers is respectfully directed to the Prospectus of HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S BAZAR, which appears on page 951. The beginning of VICTOR HUGO'S new work in the pages of the WEEKLY offers a rare inducement to subscribers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1877.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains another installment of* "POOR ZEPH!" *a splendid double-page engraving entitled "Hauling Guns to the Front," and other attractions.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE PEOPLE AND REFORM.

WE have spoken elsewhere of the contest between the Senate and the President. It is not a new one. It has occurred under several forms, and it is undeniable that, however right the President may be, and however plainly wrong the Senate or both Houses of Congress, popular sympathy usually goes with the legislature. In the present conflict the President is right, but the Senate is necessarily master of the situation. We have often shown that the President alone can not effect a real reform of the civil service, because the chief officers that he appoints, and in whom the great bulk of patronage is vested, can only be appointed with the consent of the Senate. The situation, therefore, is this: the law prescribes a term of four years for the more important officers, and the Senate can prevent both removal and appointment, for any real or merely whimsical reason. Thus Senator CONKLING, who is one of the most contemptuous opponents of reform in the methods of appointment, and by whose consent the most flagrant removals for the merest partisan reasons were made at the very end of General GRANT'S Administration, is now understood to have demanded, as chairman of the committee to which the New York city appointments were referred, the reasons for the removal of the present incumbents. If the Executive should think fit to submit reasons, and Mr. CONKLING should profess to be dissatisfied, and "the courtesy of the Senate" should prevail, he alone would prevent the confirmation and would retain the present officers. It is amusing to see that in order to retain them he is obliged to acknowledge the principle which he has hitherto flouted and ridiculed and opposed—that honest and efficient officers should be retained. Yet his previous action shows that he would not hesitate to-morrow to whistle the principle down the wind if it obstructed his purposes. The President's position has had this good result, that it has compelled Mr. CONKLING at least to profess respect for a sound principle of the public service. Had he taken the same position during the Administration of General GRANT, some of the worst scandals of that Administration in nominations and removals would have been avoided. Meanwhile, however, we repeat, the Senate can interpret its authority and enforce the abuse called "courtesy" so as to perplex and delay any practical reform.

The Civil Service Commission of 1872 were not ignorant of this fact. They could not change the laws of Congress nor the customs of the Senate, and they indulged no vain dreams of a summary triumph. Their efforts were educative. The willingness of the President to accept for himself a certain method of selecting persons to be appointed, and the acquiescence of the cabinet, in whom so much of the appointing power is vested, offered at least an opportunity of bringing the whole subject before the country. Mr. JENCKES'S valuable labors had prepared the way, and the movements of that year fairly opened the question. The Republican party, in its national and State Conventions, and the Cincinnati Convention of 1872, affirmed the principle, and the subject was necessarily more or less discussed during the campaign. President GRANT, however, gradually abandoned all attempts at reform. But this abandonment and the further development of "the machine" management of politics merely directed public attention more pointedly to the question, and the nomination of Mr. HAYES brought forward a candidate who was both sincere and intelligent in his views of the necessity of reform.

Events since his inauguration have rapidly extended the details of general knowledge both of the abuses and of the difficulty of the remedy. The hostility to reform has become more bitter and alarmed, as it has seen the question becoming more and more one of the actual issues of politics. The demand for reform, however, is still vague and unorganized. It has a different meaning in different mouths, and evidently there are very different views upon the subject in the cabinet. This diversity has produced unsatisfactory action. The alleged offer of certain great missions to certain great States, leaving the selection of the candidate to the Congressional delegations from those States, is incomprehensible in a reform Administration which proposes to abolish the Congressional initiative in nominations. So in replacing officers whose terms have expired, and who are not renominated, the obvious and cardinal principle of any reasonable system of service—promotion—has been curiously contemned. Wherever such disregard occurs, and a mere change is made, a heavy blow is dealt at public confidence in the position of the Administration. For in a contest for the just independence of the Executive power, the sole way in which the Administration can strengthen itself with the country is to make nominations which are themselves the earnest of reform. It can not, indeed, secure confirmation by such means, but it can deserve success. It will have greatly aided reform when it shall have thrown upon the Senate the responsibility of opposing and even of rejecting nominations plainly made in the interest of reform. On the other hand, nominations made upon the old principle are weapons to its own hurt which the Administration furnishes to its enemies.

Meanwhile the reason and the necessity of reform become constantly more evident. The scarecrows of an "English system," of a "permanent class," of an "aristocracy of office-holders," and even the latest and most ingenious device of "the anomaly of an elective officer appointing other officers during good behavior"—a very familiar fact in the case of judges—all gradually cease to scare. The mischiefs and evils of the present system are seen to surpass entirely all those that can be alleged against a reformed system. Thus the reform is taking root in the public conviction, where it must be rooted to become effective. A real reform involves laws and appropriations. These depend upon a favorable Congress, and that in turn upon a determined people. Happily the events of every day are enlightening the public mind, and confirming the public desire of a methodical correction of the notorious evils of the civil service. A hearty, vigorous, and well-conducted effort would doubtless reveal in this country the situation that the Elementary Schools Act revealed in England. "People," says the London *Times* in a late issue, "talked only seven years ago as if the compulsory establishment of schools would involve a social revolution, and as if to speak of compulsory attendance would provoke a popular outbreak. Even wise men shivered on the brink before taking the plunge. But it was taken, and we wake up to discover that we did but provide what every body wanted."

THE PRESIDENT AND THE SENATE.

THE late caucus of the Republican Senators in Washington disclosed not only a general and resolute opposition to the Administration, but it showed also how largely the Executive power has been absorbed by the Senate. The caucus was private, but the important proceedings even of private caucuses are usually known, and there is no doubt that the reports of what occurred are substantially correct. The Constitution declares that the President "shall nominate, and, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint," certain officers. But some Senators insist that their private advice shall be taken by the President in making nominations, and by taking advice they show that they mean yielding to dictation. Senators also take the ground that they are quite as competent to judge of the fitness and honesty of the people in their own States as the President. That may be so, but the Constitution does not say that the Senator or Senators from Vermont or New York shall nominate, but that the President shall nominate, and that then those Senators, with others, shall consider whether the nominations are fit to be made. It may be true that the Senators or a Senator from any State may be as competent as the President to judge of the fitness of persons for certain offices. But it is no less true that there may be other sources of information in the States quite as competent and satisfactory as the Senators, and even more free from suspicion of personal interest.

Undoubtedly a President, in deciding upon important nominations in a State, would consult with the Senators and Representatives of the State. But with the existing abuses of the system of appointment, he would be obliged to remember that their advice must be most carefully scrutinized and even suspected. If he discovered that these gentlemen expected that their personal preferences would necessarily decide the matter, and that Senators would feel themselves at liberty to reject nominations because they were not those which they had suggested, the President would very properly feel that the time had come for maintaining the constitutional prerogative of his office. If a committee of Senators should wait upon the President and ask him to nominate only a certain class of persons to certain offices, under an implied threat that if he nominated any others they should be rejected, the President, we trust, would reply that he should upon his official responsibility make such nominations as seemed to him fit and proper, and that if the Senate knew any of them to be unfit and improper, it would be its duty for that reason to reject them. When the law limits the discretion of the President in the selection of persons for nomination, he is bound to obey the law. But when the Senate undertakes without law to prescribe to him the bounds within which he may choose, it would be an unworthy Executive that would yield. We are not saying, of course, that a President is to be haughty and inaccessible, and that he should refuse to confer with sagacious counsellors in Congress and out of Congress. As the *Times* has well said, Mr. LINCOLN always did this, and did it with success. Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. SUMNER often differed, but they never quarrelled. A little reason and good sense soon restored harmony. Yet in the case of Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. SUMNER the difference was not radical. When, however, the Senate wished Mr. LINCOLN to remove Mr. SEWARD, it found that the President fully understood the nature and rights of the Executive.

There has been a great deal said to the effect that the only reform necessary is the removal of improper men and the substitution for them of proper men of the dominant party. But the amused observer sees plainly enough the scope of this kind of reform. It is precisely this: the Senator from the State is to tell the President whom to nominate; the Senate, at the word of the Senator, is to confirm; and the officer is to hold until the Senator wishes him to go out. This, we are solemnly told, is all the reform that is necessary, and all beyond this is moonshine and sentimental folly. Now this reform is substantially the present practice, and it is called reform only to dignify it with a plausible name. We cited, some months since, part of the admirable letter of GEORGE CABOT to TIMOTHY PICKERING, in which he says, speaking of the danger of the Executive power falling into the hands of "a cabal"—the italics are his own:

> "I easily adopted the idea that the power of the Senate was in no sense *initiative or even active*, but *negative* and *censorial*, and was never to be exercised but in cases where the *persons* proposed for office were *unfit*....It has always appeared to me that a departure from this principle would soon wrest from the President altogether the essence of the nominating power, *which is the power of selecting officers*; and I am fully persuaded that the disposal of offices is of all things the most dangerous to a *body* of men....The Presidential authority of the United States will dwindle to nothing if the policy of the Senate should so far change that they assume to themselves, *and deny to the President*, all the power the words of the Constitution will allow."

These words are certainly worthy the consideration of Senators to-day.

HONORS TO POETRY AND ART.

IN the midst of politics and business it is pleasant to see that Americans are not unmindful of literature and art. On the same evening last week the Goethe Club in New York held a special meeting in honor of Mr. BRYANT, now eighty-four years old, and Mr. STORY, the sculptor, read a lecture upon art to a very large and delighted audience in Chickering Hall. The next morning it was announced, with proper comment, that Mr. RICHARD HENRY DANA, one of the earliest names in our recognized poetic literature, was ninety years old that day. Regard and respect for art and literature are the signs of the manhood of a people, and, as Mr. STORY well said in his lecture, it is the artists and the poets who make the remembered glory of a people. In response to the eloquent congratulations of the Rev. Mr. ALGER, Mr. BRYANT made one of the felicitous little speeches for which he is justly famous. The happy thought and the clear expression, with the pervasive humor of his appreciation of the situation, showed how fresh the poet's mind still is. He playfully parried the compliments, and insisted upon ascribing the kindness of his reception to the late old age that he had reached. Then he alluded to the various definitions of man as a laughing animal, as a talking and cooking animal, but he proposed a new definition—the animal that delights in antiquities. This idea he pleasantly elaborated, gradually rising into simple and sincere eloquence as he ended by wishing that the friends around him might also become antiquities, not in the fashion of the stone age, but after the manner of the venerable mountains, the pole-star, and the ancient sun.

Mr. STORY'S lecture was the agreeable talk upon art of a famous artist. His own experience and career gave point and eloquence to his words, and the audience felt that they were admitted, as it were, to the intimacy of his mind and heart. His picture of the happiness of the pursuit, and of the absolute devotion and consecration which it demands, was very glowing, and all that he said was warmly appreciated and applauded by an audience which was in itself a compliment to the renowned sculptor. Mr. STORY seems to be in the full vigor of his life, and his appearance justified the expectation of many more noble works from his hands. It is many years since he has been at home, but every one who saw and heard him must have felt that he is as true an American as ever. Some of his strictures upon our art, as of much foreign art, were severe, but the instinct of a loyal student of greatness in art, as of all lofty ideal standards, is to stimulate, not to flatter.

The name of the poet DANA is not very familiar to this generation, but it is among those which are most cherished in the memories of older men. It is not alone for his actual work as a poet or author, although the pure and lofty tone of all that he wrote is like a mountain air; it is his modest and faithful career as a man of letters, a scholar without fear or reproach, that is so memorable and delightful. In many a crowded city street or square there is some quiet and silent church or chapel, whose spire points ever heavenward through the busy week, and which the eager, hurrying passenger can not see without an unconscious lifting of his mind to higher and eternal thoughts. So stands the tranquil scholar, poet, artist, in the world, intent above all upon wisdom and beauty, and merely by seeing him the whirling world grows wiser and better.

PARTY COHESION.

THE Boston *Herald*, a paper which is classed as independent, recently said, "Inflation, communism, sedition, whatever is vicious and whatever is dishonorable, will find defenders in the Democratic party, provided it has votes to give in exchange." The truth contained in this statement is the secret of the vague and general distrust of the Democratic party. It is an unquestionable fact that what are called the dangerous classes are politically Democratic. The worst parts of cities are strongholds of the Democracy. The influence of the groggeries is generally Democratic. On the other hand, it is equally undeniable that the intelligent and industrious classes are characteristically Republican. Of course we do not say nor suppose that there are not large numbers of most intelligent, patriotic, and upright men who are also politically Democrats. But they would not dispute what we assert. They would, indeed, doubtless say, and truly, that in the Southern States, as a rule, the intelligent class is Democratic, and the ignorant and venal Republican. But that is a fact due to slavery, to the unspeakable oppression of the black race, and to their natural gratitude to their deliverers. The same persons would agree, however they might explain the fact, that the characteristic intelligence, industry, and enterprise of the part of the country which has led the van of American progress is Republican.

It is the feeling that if the national government fell into Democratic hands, serious disaster might follow, which explains the tenacity of party lines disclosed by the late elections. The distinctive lines of parties, so far as professions are concerned, it is not easy to define. But the sense of the general character, composition, and tendencies of parties is very acute, and the accompanying apprehension in case of general Democratic supremacy is equally strong. This was especially shown in the result of the election in New York. The action of the Rochester Convention unquestionably dissatisfied and disgusted a very powerful element of the Republican party. It was consequently supposed that the Democrats would "sweep the State." But the result showed the voters to be, in military phrase, "as you were." This is not to be explained by the theory that Republicans "did not care" for what occurred at Rochester, nor that they were "waked up by the row," and worked more vigorously. As a matter of fact, there was never a more languid campaign. The result was due to the general feeling of Republicans that nothing was to be gained by going over to the Democrats, and however much they might distrust and despise the leadership of their own party, they preferred the ills they had to those they knew not of. Whether this be a wise or unwise position is not now the question. But it is undoubtedly the situation. It is often asserted that if your own party is faithless, you must log-

ically try the other. This, however, presupposes that you think the other more likely to secure your object. If, for instance, a man is sincerely desirous of reform, and is discouraged and amazed by the inconsistencies and failures of the Republican party, he would certainly not sustain the Democratic party in the expectation of reform. He would, indeed, do that only when the predominance of that party, with all the risks, seemed to him preferable to Republican dominance, with all its short-comings. From many parts of the country we hear privately warm complaints of many things done by the Administration, and often the expression of sore disappointment. But the most vehement of the complainants would agree that the Democrats would be King Stork. The distrust of the Democracy, of which we speak, has not, however, saved Ohio and Pennsylvania to the Republicans, nor has it recovered New York. And strong as that distrust may be, it is not enough of itself alone to maintain the continued ascendency of the Republican party. Distrust alone will delay, but it can not alone prevent, Democratic success.

It is curious to observe, also, how constantly this apprehension of Democratic ascendency is justified. The House of Representatives is Democratic. That party has the responsibility of its action. The House has now been in session for a month, and its action has merely disturbed public confidence. It has affected jealousy of the army, and it has passed the Silver Bill. Many Republicans, indeed, supported the latter, and, as we said last week, party lines were broken up. But the force and the responsibility of the vote lay with the Democrats. The attempt to cripple the army is sheer demagogism. Nobody is so silly as to say that it is dangerous, and the events of last summer threw floods of light upon the actual value of militia in some of the States. The moment the Democrats come into power, their speeches and their legislation seem to seek to propitiate the most ignorant and narrow-minded people in the country. Nothing, indeed, is generally more remarkable in a Democratic speech than its implied contempt of the popular intelligence. Notwithstanding, therefore, the want of any serious difference between the professions of the two parties, and although on some vital questions party lines disappear, parties retain their general coherence. It is one of the most instructive and significant facts of the time. But it would be a fatal mistake to conclude that such cohesion is all that is necessary, and that parties and party leaders may therefore do what they will. While the great mass of party men may "stick," it is that intelligent and independent element which is denounced as impracticable which gives the victory. A party is strong when the enthusiasm of its best men is kindled. It is weak when, in Mr. EVARTS's phrase, it offers a horse lame in two legs as against one lame in three. Mere distrust of the Democracy is unquestionably a powerful Republican ally. But it is a sorry reason for the existence of a great party. There must be a positive as well as a negative principle.

THE POPE.

IT is thirty-one years since Pope PIUS the Ninth ascended the throne, amid the applause and hope of liberal Europe. It seemed to be supposed that he would reform the Church, correct all abuses, and usher in a millennial age. Italy to-day is certainly a different Italy from that which saw his accession, and the Rome of PIUS the Ninth is not the Rome of GREGORY the Sixteenth. But to speak truly, the Rome of PIUS is that of VICTOR EMANUEL. The great change in Italy during the generation of this pontificate has been effected despite the Pope who was to reform all. While the Italian state has advanced wonderfully in freedom, the Italian Church has asserted haughtier pretensions than ever. Yet, as in the Southern States of our own country, the great political changes in Italy have not been made without heavy compensation. If progress were always peaceful and prosperous, and if it justified itself at every step, there would be little resistance. It is its imperfections and failures and disappointments which check sympathy and barb the shafts of ridicule and contempt.

There is undoubtedly a large party in Italy which doubts whether the change from Pope to King has been a real advantage to the country. The skeptics point to the enormous and suffocating system of taxation, more burdensome than in any civilized country, and so crushing that Italy can not long endure it. The tale of Italian taxation, indeed, recalls SYDNEY SMITH's famous picture of the English system, but it is more onerous. It is destructive of all enterprise, and, of course, excludes the foreign capital of which Italy has such need. The facts seem to argue a singular want of capacity upon the part of Italian legislators and ministers, and as they are recounted the listener sighs for one hour of CAVOUR. When the Pope was king, the public revenues were supplied in great part by all the world, and Peter's-pence helped pay the Roman bills. All this supply is now cut off, and the Italian learns that the price of liberty is eternal payment of taxes. But it is not denied that with all this burden there is an immense change for the better in the safeguards of personal freedom, and that, above all, the popular schools are admirable. In the very shadow of the Vatican, in the city of the Syllabus, there are free schools, free to the children and free of priestly control. There were wild hopes when PIUS came to the papal throne. But if it had been said that in thirty years there would be free schools in Rome, the prophecy would have been too wild. If it had been added that the schools would be founded despite the Pope, it would have seemed mere mockery.

So far as can be judged from the general aspect of his career, PIUS the Ninth is a well-meaning and very weak man. For a man in his position that is perhaps the most unfortunate character, for it makes him the dupe and tool of craftier men. It is under this "reform Pope" of 1846 that the dogma of papal infallibility has been promulgated, and that the control of the Church has fallen into the hands of the Jesuits. Good wishes and honest aspirations are not enough in a ruler. He must have the perception to select wise counsellors, and the courage to enforce wise methods. These are qualities that PIUS does not possess, and the Pope who was crowned amid universal expectation will be buried amid universal indifference and pity.

RUM AND RUIN.

THE Society for the Prevention of Crime is a simple and practical movement against the groggeries in the city of New York. Its sole object is to close them under the law which forbids the sale of liquor to be drunk on the premises, except to regularly licensed hotels. It is not in the usual sense a temperance society, except that it proposes to promote temperance in this very practicable way. It is a work, as the society truly says, of decency, order, and common-sense, in which people of every opinion may cordially unite, so long as they agree that groggeries are a nuisance and a pest to be lawfully abated. There is a great deal of energy and sagacity in the movement. Its method is the collection of evidence, the indictment of offenders, and the closing of places of illegal sale. The courts have inflicted the due penalties in all cases thus far reached, and the society, of which HOWARD CROSBY is president and BENJAMIN TATHAM treasurer, requires liberal contributions to carry on its work.

Side by side in the newspaper which contains the last frank and manly appeal of this society is the story of the suicide of Mrs. ROBERT STUART, a young woman married last April, and driven to despair and self-murder by the drunkenness of her husband. In the same paper is the appalling story of HAUSMANN, who, in sudden fury with his drunken wife, seized a pistol and shot at his children, killing and wounding them. These are tragedies which constantly occur in a thousand forms on every side, and their source is in the groggery or the temptation at every rod in the city. The root of the evil is in the facility of drinking. Every thing that obstructs this promotes temperance, order, happiness. If a young man must go far out of his way to tipple, he will generally not go at all. It is the habit which breeds the appetite, and the habit is not acquired if opportunity is not offered. Among the many barricades thrown up against the ravages of the evil which generates most of the pauperism and crime of our society, none more deserves the countenance of all honest and industrious citizens, especially of those who feel themselves in danger, than an attempt to enforce existing laws. If the law is unwise, or if it outruns popular sympathy and support, it should be changed, but while it is law it should be enforced. All laws upon the subject must take into consideration circumstances and reasonable probabilities. But as public opinion has plainly decided that intoxicating liquor should be promiscuously sold only under license, the license should be made effective.

PERSONAL.

SENATOR FERRY, of Michigan, is a very religious man, and on all occasions maintains the dignity of a Senator. He is a polite, courteous, cold old bachelor, and never does or says improper things. A few mornings since, at breakfast, he was glancing over the top of his paper at a pretty golden-haired little saint from Georgia, when Senator DAVIS, of Illinois, two tables away, startled the dining-room by saying, in his loud, rough voice: "I want to see you before you go to the races, FERRY. Afraid I can't go. If it's possible for me to get through my work, I shall be happy to accept your invitation." The women all looked at him and whispered. The model Senator blushed scarlet, stroked his beard nervously, and smiled in a feeble way at the jolly giant, who sat shaking his fat sides, and bending his late judicial head over the thimbleful of gruel BANTING allows him. His looks told him that he had got even with FERRY at last. The tables are turned. FERRY owes him "one."

—Dr. RAY VAUGHN PIERCE, of Buffalo, whom the Republicans have elected to the State Senate by a handsome majority over his Democratic competitor, is a gentleman of large culture, genial manners, and great business capacity. The Democracy of his district made a determined fight against him, and his election shows his personal popularity and the confidence felt in his ability as a legislator.

—WILLIAM WIRT HENRY, a grandson of the genuine old original PATRICK, has just been elected to the Virginia Legislature.

—Judge ASA KEYES is said to be the oldest graduate of Dartmouth College, having graduated in 1810. He is also the oldest Mason in Massachusetts, having been initiated in 1814.

—Rev. MOSES HOWE, aged eighty-nine, has been in the Christian ministry sixty-three years, and during all that period has had but two pastorates—one at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and the other at New Bedford, Massachusetts.

—General JAMES W. HUSTED is again elected to the Assembly from the upper district of Westchester County, and is quite likely to be made Speaker of that body. General HUSTED's principal rival will probably be Mr. ALVORD, of Syracuse. In glancing over the roll of members elect it is noticeable that it contains the names of fewer old members than usual, and of those re-elected, very few have the qualifications requisite for a good presiding officer. In this respect General HUSTED possesses qualifications of the highest order.

—Mr. ROBERT T. LINCOLN, of Chicago, son of the late President LINCOLN, has declined a position in the State Department tendered to him by President HAYES. Mr. LINCOLN is in the active practice of the legal profession, and has a large and rapidly increasing business.

—Governor CULLOM, of Illinois, has hit the practical object of Thanksgiving-day as a holiday. In his proclamation he says: "I therefore call upon the citizens of Illinois to assemble in their places of religious worship, and around their tables and firesides, to make this a holiday, a day of rest and festivity, not forgetting its religious observance, but, above all, a day for the re-assembling of scattered kindred, in order to the closer knitting of those domestic ties which are the pledge and ground of national union and prosperity."

—Judge GUILD, of Nashville, who was one of the militia officers who received LAFAYETTE in that city in 1824, says LAFAYETTE was a stout, well-formed man, about five feet ten inches high, with a large head, a hazel eye, sallow color, a large fleshy nose, a mouth well formed, denoting firmness and constancy, and large elephant-looking ears.

—Messrs. FLOOD and O'BRIEN, the great mine owners of Nevada, propose to send to the Paris Exhibition one solid brick of silver four feet square.

—The famous French painter MEISSONIER gives all his work to a middle-man, who is more useful to him than a hundred amateurs. The artist intrusts him with errands and letters for his friends. MEISSONIER can not touch a pen without making a drawing, and almost all his letters are illustrated by delicious little designs. TEDESCO has not failed to notice this, and when delivering the epistles employs the most powerful temptations to secure these most precious relics. MEISSONIER's attraction to a bit of paper is well known, and certain people leave paper about on all their tables. One gentleman derived quite a little income from this source. After dinner they went into a room to chat and smoke. The painter, almost unconsciously, covered the leaves, scattered about purposely, with charming sketches. As soon as he was gone his host collected them carefully, and sold them afterward.

—We take the following letter from the New York *Herald:*

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, *November 12, 1877.*

To the Editor of the Herald:

In your issue of to-day, referring to the SUMNER controversy, you say:

"In these circumstances it is hardly credible that Mr. CURTIS would remain silent if there were any thing he could say in vindication of Mr. SUMNER. This silence has the air of an admission that he knows General GRANT's charges to be true."

I can not allow that construction to be put upon my silence. General GRANT said to your reporter in Scotland that he had undertaken to prove to me that Mr. SUMNER had made statements "knowing them to be falsehoods." The facts are these: In a conversation with General GRANT, which I have always considered as confidential, I mentioned, as evidence of Mr. SUMNER's peculiar fitness for the chairmanship of the Committee of Foreign Affairs, that he had said to me that upon leaving the committee he had left a clean docket. General GRANT replied that this was untrue, for there were several treaties upon which Mr. SUMNER had not reported, and he added that he would send me a list of them. Subsequently I received from him the list which Mr. FISH has recently published. I was naturally surprised, but never for a moment did I suppose that Mr. SUMNER meant to deceive me. My confidence in his truthfulness was not in the least disturbed. My conviction was then and is now that I had misunderstood what he intended to express by the phrase he used; and having learned the hopelessness of any effort to effect a good understanding between him and General GRANT, I never mentioned the subject to him again. But whatever the misunderstanding may have been, I do not believe, nor did I ever give General GRANT reason to suppose that I believed, that Mr. SUMNER, as General GRANT asserts, stated what he knew to be a falsehood. Respectfully,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

—A Washington correspondent of the Danbury *News*, who happened to be present at the opening session of the House of Representatives, gives a brief sketch of a few prominent members of that body. "And here," saith he, "comes FERNANDO WOOD, as erect, impassive, and frigid as ever, hair and mustache as frosty, coat as tightly buttoned, and countenance as imperturbable as in the days of long ago when he first entered Congress. General BANKS meets with quite a little ovation as he paces up the aisle and joins General GARFIELD, suave, robust, and muscular as a gladiator. REAGAN, of Texas, paces the floor in front of the northern entrance, with lowered head, and hands clasped behind him, 'on gloomy thought intent,' but brightens up a little at the greeting of EPPA HUNTON, who is as effusive as a school-boy out for an airing. Extremes meet in the contiguity of SCHLEICHER and THROCKMORTON, of Texas, the one florid, jocund, and massive, the other tall, lank, and funereal. The group is joined by the faultless and vivacious CLARKSON POTTER, who, being nothing if not discursive, entices the wild Texans to a near lounge, and opens upon them a war of words, accompanied by frequent and convincing gestures."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The House, November 12, passed the Army Appropriation Bill, reducing the number of men to 20,000, of whom four cavalry regiments of 100 men to each company shall be employed in the defense of the Mexican and Indian frontiers of Texas. A communication from the Adjutant-General showed that the army now numbers 22,302, including officers.—On the 13th, the Senate passed the bill as it was amended by the Committee on Appropriations. It places the maximum strength of the army as at present at 25,000 men, allows cavalry regiments to be recruited up to their full strength of 1000 men each, and directs that a sufficient force to give adequate protection shall be placed upon the Mexican and Indian borders of Texas, leaving to the discretion of the President to decide how great that force shall be.—The House adopted a resolution calling on the Secretary of State for information as to the indemnity paid by the Spanish government on account of the execution of General Ryan and others in Cuba in November, 1875. Mr. Daniel W. Voorhees, successor to Mr. Morton, took his seat in the Senate on the 12th. On the same day, John L. Stevens, of Maine, was confirmed as minister to Norway and Sweden.—On the 13th, the House passed the Deficiency Bill, and on the 15th it was passed by the Senate.—Senator Maxey's resolution instructing the Committee on Military Affairs to inquire into the expediency and propriety of constructing a system of defensive works on the Rio Grande frontier of the United States, with the cost, etc., was referred. The House instructed the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the facts of the imprisonment of Representative Smalls, of South Carolina, and to report whether such imprisonment is or is not a violation of the constitutional privileges of the House.—The bill for the repeal of the Resumption Act was discussed in the House during the week, but without result.—Senator Eaton, on the 15th, offered a joint resolution amendatory of the Constitution of the United States, providing that the following article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States as an amendment to Section 1, Article II., of the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures, shall be valid as part of the said Constitution, viz.: "A tribunal for the decision of all contested issues arising in the choice of electors of President and Vice-President shall be appointed in each State in the following manner: Not less than twelve months prior to the time fixed by law for the choice of electors the Governor of each State shall, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate of the State, appoint not less than five persons learned in the law and otherwise duly qualified, to whom shall be referred, in such manner as the Legislature of the State shall direct, all cases of contested election arising in reference to electors of President and Vice-President. The tribunal so constituted shall hear and determine every such contest, and shall certify, at least thirty days before the day upon which the electors shall be called upon to give their votes, their decision to the proper returning officer or officers of the State, and also transmit an authenticated copy thereof, under the seal of the State, to the President of the Senate. The term of office of said tribunal shall expire upon the day fixed by law for the oath of office to be taken by the President and Vice-President of the United States for the term ensuing after their appointment."

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE EASTERN WAR: The Russian army around Plevna still continues its activity. On November 9 a cavalry detachment captured the town of Vratza, which is half-way between Plevna and Sophia. Several thousand wagons and a large quantity of Turkish stores fell into their hands. On the 10th, the Turks attempted to carry General Skobeleff's newly captured position near Brestovac, but they were repulsed by the fire of seventy cannon. Suleiman Pasha telegraphs that the Russians have abandoned Opaka and Epolomaska, near the Kara Lom, and thirty-two miles southeast of Rustchuk, with much booty. On the 12th, the Russians demanded the surrender of Plevna, but Osman Pasha refused.—In Armenia the same activity prevails. Manni Pasha, sub-commandant at Kars, telegraphs, under date of October 28, that he received a letter from General Laris Melikoff, asking for the surrender of the place in twenty-four hours. Upon the receipt of the communication the staff and all officers, down to major, assembled in council and unanimously rejected the summons, and resolved to defend Kars to the last extremity.—A Russian official dispatch says that, on the night of the 8th, General Heymann advanced against Erzerum, but his columns lost their way in the darkness. Three Russian battalions captured the fortified position at Azizie, and although obliged to withdraw before a superior force of Turks, carried off 559 prisoners. The Russians lost 32 killed and 600 wounded. Mukhtar Pasha, on the 11th, telegraphed: "The Russians are intrenching themselves in the neighborhood of Deve-Boyun. According to intelligence I have received from Kars up to the 4th inst., the force investing that place is not very numerous. The principal efforts of the enemy are apparently directed against Erzerum."—A special dispatch to St. Petersburg from the Grand Duke Michael's head-quarters at Veran-Kaleh, on Akbaba Hill, seven miles south of Kars, says that Generals Heymann and Tergukassoff's corps are besieging Erzerum. The Ardahan corps is on the Soghanli Mountains. Russian administration is being introduced into the villayet of Erzerum. General Schelkovnikopp has been appointed military governor.—A Reuter telegram from Erzerum, on the 15th, reports that the Russians recaptured Fort Azizie on the 14th, but were immediately expelled. The inhabitants of Erzerum have participated in the recent fighting. The loss has been considerable. There is general enthusiasm. Russian cavalry have appeared on the north of Erzerum.—A Constantinople dispatch says that the Russians have been repulsed near Kars, after prolonged fighting. There has been a heavy snow in Asia. Another Constantinople dispatch reports that Chakir Pasha has arrived at Orchanieh to take command in place of Chevket Pasha, who has been removed.—The Montenegrins are also pushing the campaign. On the 12th, they captured a fort commanding the town of Antivari, with its garrison, two guns, and a quantity of ammunition and provisions. They have also taken four block-houses toward Scutari. Spuz is suffering greatly from bombardment. Telegraphic and road communication between Podgoritza and Scutari is interrupted. The total Turkish force in Albania is only eighteen battalions. There is no force at Antivari or Scutari sufficient to oppose the Montenegrins.—Servia has replied to the Porte's demand for the withdrawal of the Servian troops from the frontier, that it is impossible to leave the inhabitants of the frontier without military protection.

The French Chamber of Deputies, on the 13th, passed the motion increasing the powers of the presiding officer for preserving order during debate, by a vote of 303 to 39. Later returns of the elections for members of the Councils-General show that the republicans have the majority in forty-nine and the conservatives in thirty-eight departments, while in three the majority is still doubtful. On the 15th, the Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of 320 to 203, passed M. Grévy's motion for the appointment of a committee to inquire into election abuses. On the 16th, the ministry resigned, the Constitutional Senators having refused it further support.

BATTLE FLAGS OF THE TWENTY-THIRD OHIO REGIMENT.

THE name of RUTHERFORD B. HAYES is inseparably connected with the war record of the Twenty-third Regiment of Ohio Volunteers, an engraving of whose battle flags is presented on this page. He was Major of that regiment when, in 1861, it first went to the field in defense of the integrity of the Union, became its Lieutenant-Colonel soon after, and in 1862 was promoted to the rank of Colonel. This position he held until 1864, when he was appointed a Brigadier-General. There is therefore a singular appropriateness in the grouping of the regiment's colors about the portrait of the man who led it through the long list of battles inscribed upon its flags.

FUNERAL OF SENATOR MORTON.

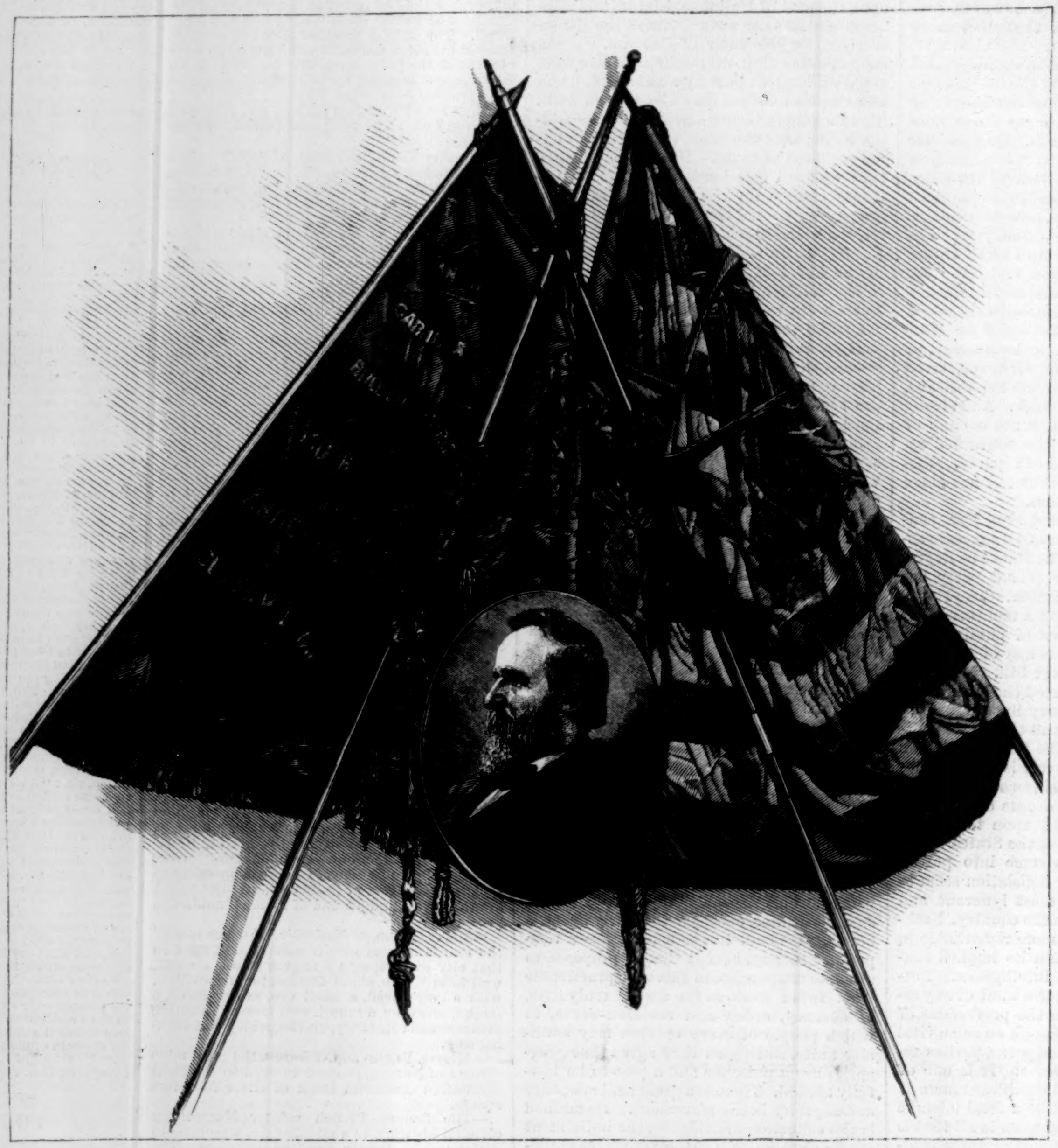
THE immense gathering of people at the funeral of the late Senator MORTON, which took place at Indianapolis, November 5, was a striking expression of the estimation in which the departed statesman was held by his immediate fellow-citizens. The day was bleak and rainy, but at an early hour in the morning the streets leading to the Court-House, where the remains lay in state, were filled by a great multitude of people waiting for the doors to be thrown open. The moment this was done an uninterrupted procession passed through the main corridor of the building, hurried forward by the guards in attendance. No one was allowed to linger for a single moment. But as rapidly as the people were hurried through, the half that had assembled could not be accommodated. Every train came loaded heavily, the majority of the visitors coming for no other purpose than to view the remains. It was impossible to delay, however, and promptly at half past ten the great doors closed again, shutting out three or four thousand persons who had long been in line waiting their turn.

The body was then borne to the house, where a brief and simple service was held. The public funeral took place in the afternoon in the Roberts Park Methodist Episcopal Church, where the funeral services were to take place. The great majority, numbering thousands, stood patiently along the different thoroughfares which led in the direction of the edifice.

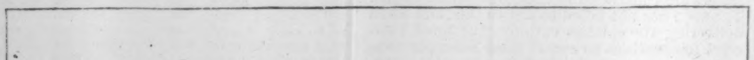
The funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. J. B. CLEAVER. It was a warm and appreciative tribute to the dignity and value of the public services of the late Senator. The tender and sympathetic words which concluded the eulogy were listened to with profound attention.

From the church the funeral was under the conduct of the Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, of which the deceased had been a member. When the procession reached Crown Hill Cemetery, the military formed a hollow square of seventy-five feet about the vault, and in the inclosed space the mourners and members of the Grand Lodge gathered. Minute-guns were fired as the services proceeded after the form of the Odd-Fellows' burial ceremony.

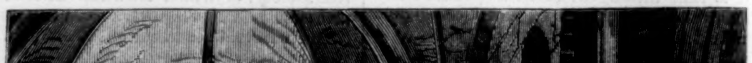
Owing to the lateness of the hour, the body was left in the chapel until next morning, when it was deposited in the Odd-Fellows' vault. That night it lay within a stone's-throw of the place where Senator MORTON delivered his address on Decoration-day—the last speech, in fact, that he ever made in Indiana.



BATTLE FLAGS OF THE TWENTY-THIRD OHIO REGIMENT OF VOLUNTEERS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY THOMAS T. SWEENY.]



CROWN HILL CHAPEL—EXTERIOR VIEW.



CROWN HILL CHAPEL—INTERIOR VIEW.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE SENATOR MORTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MESSRS. CLARK & CO.]

[Authorized Translation, printed from Early Sheets.]

The History of a Crime.

THE TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

I.—THE FIRST DAY.—THE AMBUSH.

XII.—(*Continued.*)

THE MAIRIE OF THE TENTH ARRONDISSEMENT.

IN order to obtain a complete idea of this sitting of the Tenth Arrondissement, we must picture the great Hall of the Mairie, a sort of parallelogram, lighted on the right by four or five windows overlooking the court-yard, on the left, along the wall, furnished with several rows of benches, which had been hastily brought thither, on which were piled up the three hundred Representatives, assembled together by chance. No one was sitting down; those in front were standing; those behind were mounted on the benches. Here and there were a few small tables. In the centre people walked to and fro. At the bottom, at the end opposite the door, was a long table furnished with benches, which occupied the whole width of the wall, and behind which sat the "bureau." "Sitting" is merely the conventional term. The "bureau" did not "sit;" like the rest of the Assembly, it was on its feet. The secretaries, MM. Chapot, Moulin, and Grimault, wrote standing. At certain moments the two Vice-Presidents mounted on the benches, so as to be better seen from all points of the room. The table was covered by an old green table-cloth, stained with ink; three or four inkstands had been brought in, and a quire of paper was scattered about. There the decrees were written as soon as they were drawn up. They multiplied the copies; some Representatives became secretaries on the spur of the moment, and helped the official secretaries.

This great hall was on a level with the landing. It was situated, as we have said, on the first floor; it was reached by a very narrow staircase.

We must recollect that nearly the whole of the members present were members of the Right.

The first moment was a serious one. Berryer came out to advantage. Berryer, like all those extemporizers without style, will only be remembered as a name, and a much-disputed name, Berryer having been rather a special pleader than an orator who believed what he said. On that day Berryer was to the point, logical, and earnest. They began by this cry, "What shall we do?" "Draw up a declaration," said M. De Falloux. "A protest," said M. De Flavigny. "A decree," said Berryer.

In truth, a declaration was empty air, a protest was noise, a decree was action. They cried out, "What decree?" "Deposition," said Berryer. Deposition was the extreme limit of the energy of the Right. Beyond deposition there was outlawry; deposition was practicable for the Right, outlawry was only possible for the Left. In fact, it was the Left who outlawed Louis Bonaparte. They did it at their first meeting in the Rue Blanche. We shall see this later on. At deposition Legality came to an end; at outlawry the Revolution began. The recurrences of Revolution are the logical consequences of *Coups d'Etat*. The deposition having been voted, a man who later on turned traitor, Quentin Bauchart, exclaimed, "Let us all sign it." All signed it. Odilon Barrot came in and signed it. Antony Thouret came in and signed it. Suddenly M. Piscatory announced that the Mayor was refusing to allow Representatives who had arrived to enter the Hall. "Order him to do so by decree," said Berryer. And the decree was voted. Thanks to this decree, MM. Favreau and Monet entered; they came from the Legislative Palace; they related the cowardice of Dupin. M. Dahirel, one of the leaders of the Right, was exasperated, and said, "We have received bayonet thrusts." Voices were raised: "Let us summon the Tenth Legion. Let the call to arms be beaten. Lauriston hesitates. Let us order him to protect the Assembly." "Let us order him by decree," said Berryer. This decree was drawn up, which, however, did not prevent Lauriston from refusing. Another decree, again proposed by Berryer, pronounced any one who had outraged the Parliamentary inviolability to be a traitor, and ordered the immediate release of those Representatives who had been wrongfully made prisoners. All this was voted at once without debate, in a sort of great unanimous confusion, and in the midst of a storm of fierce conversations. From time to time Berryer imposed silence. Then the angry outcries broke forth again. "The *Coup d'Etat* will not dare to come here." "We are masters here." "We are at home." "It would be impossible to attack us here." "These wretches will not dare to do so." If the uproar had been less violent, the Representatives might have heard through the open windows close at hand the sound of soldiers loading their guns.

A regiment of Chasseurs of Vincennes had just entered silently into the garden of the Mairie, and, while waiting for orders, were loading their guns.

Little by little the sitting, at first disorderly and tumultuous, had assumed an ordinary aspect. The uproar had relapsed into a murmur. The voice of the usher, crying, "Silence, gentlemen," had succeeded in overcoming the hubbub. Every moment fresh Representatives came in, and hastened to sign the decree of deposition at the "bureau." As there was a great crowd round the "bureau" waiting to sign, a dozen loose sheets of paper, to which the Representatives affixed their signatures, were circulated in the great Hall and the two adjoining rooms.

The first to sign the decree of deposition was M. Dufaure, the last was M. Betting de Lancastel. Of the two Presidents, one, M. Benoist d'Azy, was addressing the Assembly; the other, M. Vitet, pale but calm and resolute, distributed instructions and orders. M. Benoist d'Azy maintained a decorous countenance, but a certain hesitation in his speech revealed an inner agitation. Divisions, even in the Right, had not disappeared at this critical moment. A Legitimist member was overheard saying, in a low voice, while speaking of one of the Vice-Presidents, "This great Vitet looks like a whited sepulchre." Vitet was an Orleanist.

Given this adventurer with whom they had to deal, this Louis Bonaparte, capable of every thing, the hour and the man being wrapped in mystery, some Legitimist personages of a candid mind were seriously but comically frightened. The Marquis of ——, who acted the fly on the coach-wheel to the Right, went hither and thither, harangued, shouted, declaimed, remonstrated, proclaimed, and trembled. Another, M. A—— N——, perspiring, red-faced, out of breath, rushed about distractedly. "Where is the guard? How many men are there? Who commands them? The officer! send me the officer! Long live the Republic! National Guard, stand firm! Long live the Republic!" All the Right shouted this cry. "You wish them to kill it," said Esquiros. Some of them were dejected; Bourbousson maintained the silence of a vanquished placeman. Another, the Viscount of ——, a relative of the Duke of Escars, was so alarmed that every moment he adjourned to a corner of the court-yard. In the crowd which filled the court-yard there was a *gamin* of Paris, a child of Athens, who has since become an elegant and charming poet, Albert Glatigny. Albert Glatigny cried out to this frightened Viscount, "Hulloa, there! Do you think that *Coups d'Etat* are extinguished in the way Gulliver put out the fire?"

Oh, Laughter, how gloomy you are when attended with Tragedy!

The Orleanists were quieter, and maintained a more becoming attitude. This arose from the fact that they ran greater danger.

Pascal Duprat replaced at the top of the decrees the words "République Française," which had been forgotten.

From time to time men who were not speaking on the subject of the moment mentioned this strange word, "Dupin," upon which there ensued shouts of derision and bursts of laughter. "Utter the name of that coward no more," cried Antony Thouret.

There were motions and counter-motions; it was a continual uproar interrupted by deep and solemn silences. Alarmist phrases circulated from group to group. "We are in a blind alley." "We are caught here as in a rat-trap." And then on each motion voices were raised: "That is it!" "It is right!" "It is settled!" They agreed in a low voice upon a rendezvous at No. 19 Rue de la Chaussée-d'Antin, in case they should be expelled from the Mairie. M. Bixio carried off the decree of deposition to get it printed. Esquiros, Marc Dufraisse, Pascal Duprat, Rigal, Lherbette, Chamiot, Latrade, Colfavru, Antony Thouret, threw in here and there energetic words of advice. M. Dufaure, resolute and indignant, protested with authority. M. Odilon Barrot, motionless in a corner, maintained the silence of stupefied silliness.

MM. Passy and De Tocqueville, in the midst of the groups, described that when they were Ministers they had always entertained an uneasy suspicion of a *Coup d'Etat*, and that they clearly perceived this fixed idea in the brain of Louis Bonaparte. M. De Tocqueville added, "I said to myself every night, 'I lie down to sleep a Minister; what if I should awake a prisoner?'"

Some of those men who were termed "men of order" muttered while signing the decree of deposition, "Beware of the Red Republic!" and seemed to entertain an equal fear of failure and of success. M. De Vatimesnil pressed the hands of the men of the Left, and thanked them for their presence. "You make us popular," said he. And Antony Thouret answered him: "I know neither Right nor Left today; I only see the Assembly."

The younger of the two short-hand writers handed their written sheets to the Representatives who had spoken, and asked them to revise them at once, saying, "We shall not have the time to read them over." Some Representatives went down into the street, and showed the people copies of the decree of deposition, signed by the members of the "bureau." One of the populace took one of these copies, and cried out, "Citizens! the ink is still quite wet! Long live the Republic!"

The Deputy Mayor stood at the door of the Hall; the staircase was crowded with National Guards and spectators. In the Assembly several had penetrated into the Hall, and among them the ex-Constituent Beslay, a man of uncommon courage. It was at first wished to turn them out, but they resisted, crying, "This is our business. You are the Assembly, but we are the People." "They are right," said M. Berryer.

M. De Falloux, accompanied by M. De Kéranflech, came up to the Constituent Beslay, and leaned by his side on the stove, saying to him, "Good-day, colleague;" and reminded him that they both had formed part of the Committee of the National Workshops, and that they had together visited the workmen at the Parc Monceaux. The Right felt themselves falling; they became affectionate toward Republicans. The Republic is called To-morrow.

Each spoke from his place; this member upon a bench, that member on a chair, a few on the tables. All contradictory opinions burst forth at once. In a corner some ex-leaders of the "order" were scared at the possible triumph of the "Reds." In another the men of the Right surrounded the men of the Left, and asked them, "Are not the faubourgs going to rise?"

The narrator has but one duty—to tell his story. He relates every thing, the bad as well as the good. Whatever may have taken place, however, and notwithstanding all these details of which it was our duty to speak, apart from the exceptions which we have mentioned, the attitude of the men of the Right who composed the large majority of this meeting was in many respects honorable and worthy. Some of them, as we have just mentioned, even prided themselves

THE DISSOLUTION OF THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.

"The President asked this strange question, which implied the acceptance of an order. 'Have you a warrant?' The Commissary answered: 'Yes.' And he handed a paper to the President."—[See Page 922, No. 1091.]

upon their resolution and their energy, almost as though they had wished to rival the members of the Left.

We may here remark—for in the course of this narrative we shall more than once see the gaze of some members of the Right turned toward the people, and in this no mistake should be made—that these monarchical men who talked of popular insurrection and who invoked the faubourgs were a minority in the majority—an imperceptible minority. Antony Thouret proposed to those who were leaders there to go in a body through the working-class neighborhoods with the decree of deposition in their hands. Brought to bay, they refused. They declared that they would only protect themselves by organized powers, not by the people. It is a strange thing to say, but it must be noted, that with their habits of political short-sightedness the popular armed resistance, even in the name of the Law, seemed sedition to them. The utmost appearance of revolution which they could endure was a regiment of the National Guard, with their drums at their head; they shrank from the barricade; Right in a blouse was no longer Right; Truth armed with a pike was no longer Truth; Law unpaving a street gave them the impression of a Fury. In the main, however, and taking them for what they were, and considering their position as politicians, these members of the Right were well advised. What would they have done with the people? And what would the people have done with them? How would they have proceeded to set fire to the masses? Imagine Falloux as a tribune fanning the Faubourg Antoine into a flame!

Alas! in the midst of this dense gloom, in these fatal complications of circumstances by which the *Coup d'Etat* profited so odiously and so perfidiously, in that mighty misunderstanding which comprised the whole situation, for kindling the revolutionary spark in the heart of the people Danton himself would not have sufficed.

The *Coup d'Etat* entered into this meeting impudently, with its convict's cap on its head. It possessed an infamous assurance there as well as every where else. There were in this majority three hundred Representatives of the People. Louis Bonaparte sent a sergeant to drive them away. The Assembly having resisted the sergeant, he sent an officer, the temporary commander of the sixth battalion of the Chasseurs de Vincennes. This officer, young, fair-haired, a scoffer, half laughing, half threatening, pointed with his finger to the stairs filled with bayonets, and defied the Assembly. "Who is this young spark?" asked a member of the Right. A National Guard who was there said, "Throw him out of the window!" "Kick him down stairs!" cried one of the people.

This Assembly, grievous as were its offenses against the principles of the Revolution—and with these wrongs Democracy alone had the right to reproach it—this Assembly, I repeat, was the National Assembly, that is to say, the Republic incarnate, the living Universal Suffrage, the Majesty of the Nation, upright and visible. Louis Bonaparte assassinated this Assembly, and, moreover, insulted it. A slap on the face is worse than a poniard thrust.

The gardens of the neighborhood occupied by the troops were full of broken bottles. They had plied the soldiers with drink. They obeyed the "epaulets" unconditionally, and, according to the expression of eye-witnesses, appeared "dazed drunk." The Representatives appealed to them, and said to them, "It is a crime." They answered, "We are not aware of it."

One soldier was heard to say to another, "What have you done with your ten francs of this morning?"

The sergeants hustled the officers. With the exception of the commander, who probably earned his cross of honor, the officers were respectful, the sergeants brutal.

A lieutenant showing signs of flinching, a sergeant cried out to him, "You are not the only one who commands here! Come, therefore, march!"

M. De Vatimesnil asked a soldier, "Will you dare to arrest us—us, the Representatives of the People?"

"Assuredly!" said the soldier.

Several soldiers hearing some Representatives say that they had eaten nothing since the morning, offered them their ration bread. Some Representatives accepted. M. De Tocqueville, who was unwell, and who was noticed to be pale and leaning on the sill of a window, received from a soldier a piece of this bread, which he shared with M. Chambolle.

Two Commissaries of Police appeared in "full dress," in black coats girded with their sash girdles, and their black-corded hats. One was an old man, the other a young man. The first was named Lemoine-Tacherat, and not Bacherel, as has been wrongly printed; the second was named Barlet. These names should be noted. The unprecedented assurance of this Barlet was remarked. Nothing was wanting in him—cynical speech, provoking gesture, sardonic intonation. It was with an inexpressible air of insolence that Barlet, when summoning the meeting to dissolve itself, added, "Rightly or Wrongly." They murmured on the benches of the Assembly, "Who is this scoundrel?" The other, compared to him, seemed moderate and inoffensive. Émile Péan exclaimed, "The old man is simply working in his profession, but the young man is working out his promotion."

Before this Tacherat and this Barlet entered, before the butts of the muskets had been heard ringing on the stones of the staircase, this Assembly had talked of resistance. Of what kind of resistance? We have just stated. The majority could only listen to a regular organized resistance, a military resistance in uniform and in epaulets. Such a resistance was easy to decree, but it was difficult to organize. The generals on whom the Assembly were accustomed to rely having been arrested, there only remained two possible generals, Oudinot and Lauriston. General Marquis de Lauriston, ex-peer of France, and at the same time colonel of the Tenth Legion and Representative of the People, drew a distinction between his duty as Representative and his duty as colonel. Summoned by some of his friends of the Right to beat to arms and call together the Tenth Legion, he answered, "As Representative of the People I ought to indict the Executive Power, but as colonel I ought to obey it." It appears that he obstinately shut himself up in this singular reasoning, and that it was impossible to draw him out of it.

"How stupid he is!" said Piscatory.

"How sharp he is!" said Falloux.

The first officer of the National Guard who appeared in uniform seemed to be recognized by two members of the Right, who said, "It is M. De Périgord!" They made a mistake; it was M. Guilbot, major of the third battalion of the Tenth Legion. He declared that he was ready to march on the first order from his colonel, General Lauriston. General Lauriston went down into the court-yard, and came up a moment afterward, saying, "They do not recognize my authority. I have just resigned." Moreover, the name of Lauriston was not familiar to the soldiers. Oudinot was better known in the army. But how?

At the moment when the name of Oudinot was pronounced, a shudder ran through this meeting, almost exclusively composed of members of the Right. In fact, at this critical time, at this fatal name of Oudinot, reflections crowded upon each other in every mind.

What was the *Coup d'Etat?*

It was the "Roman expedition at home." Which was undertaken against whom? Against those who had undertaken the "Roman expedition abroad." The National Assembly of France, dissolved by violence, could only find one single general to defend it in its dying hour. And whom? Precisely he who in the name of the National Assembly of France had dissolved by violence the National Assembly of Rome. What power could Oudinot, the strangler of a republic, possess to save a republic? Was it not evident that his own soldiers would answer him: "What do you want with us? That which we have done at Rome we now do at Paris." What a story is this story of treason! The French Legislature had written the first chapter with the blood of the Roman Constituent Assembly; Providence wrote the second chapter with the blood of the French Legislature, Louis Bonaparte holding the pen.

In 1849 Louis Bonaparte had assassinated the sovereignty of the People in the person of its Roman Representatives; in 1851 he assassinated it in the person of its French Representatives. It was logical, and although it was infamous, it was just. The Legislative Assembly bore at the same time the weight of two crimes; it was the accomplice of the first, the victim of the second. All these men of the majority felt this, and were humbled. Or rather it was the same crime, the crime of the Second of July, 1849, ever erect, ever alive, which had only changed its name, which now called itself the Second of December, and which, the offspring of this Assembly, stabbed it to the heart. Nearly all crimes are parricidal. On a certain day they recoil upon those who have committed them, and slay them.

At this moment, so full of anxiety, M. De Falloux must have glanced round for M. De Montalembert. M. De Montalembert was at the Élysée.

When Tamisier rose and pronounced this terrifying word—"The Roman Question!"—distracted M. De Dampierre shouted to him, "Silence! You kill us!"

It was not Tamisier who was killing them; it was Oudinot.

M. De Dampierre did not perceive that he cried "Silence!" to History.

And then, without even reckoning the fatal remembrance which at such a moment would have crushed a man endowed in the highest degree with great military qualities, General Oudinot, in other respects an excellent officer, and a worthy son of his brave father, possessed none of those striking qualities which in the critical hour of revolution stir the soldier and carry away the people. At that instant, to win back an army of a hundred thousand men, to withdraw the balls from the cannons' mouths, to find beneath the wine poured out to the Prætorians the true soul of the French soldier half drowned and nearly dead, to tear the flag from the *Coup d'Etat* and restore it to the Law, to surround the Assembly with thunders and lightnings, it would have needed one of those men who exist no longer; it would have needed the firm hand, the calm oratory, the cold and searching glance of Desaix, that French Phocion; it would have needed the huge shoulders, the commanding stature, the thundering voice, the abusive, insolent, cynical, gay, and sublime eloquence of Kléber, that military Mirabeau. Desaix, the countenance of a just man, or Kléber, the face of a lion! General Oudinot, little, awkward, embarrassed, with an indecisive and dull gaze, red cheeks, low forehead, with grizzled and lank hair, polite tone of voice, a humble smile, without oratory, without gesture, without power, brave before the enemy, timid before the first-comer, having assuredly the bearing of a soldier, but having also the bearing of a priest—he caused the mind to hesitate between the sword and the taper; he had in his eyes a sort of "Amen!"

He had the best intentions in the world, but what could he do? Alone, without prestige, without true glory, without personal authority, and dragging Rome after him! He felt all this himself, and he was, as it were, paralyzed by it. As soon as they had appointed him, he got upon a chair and thanked the Assembly, doubtless with a firm heart, but with hesitating speech. When the little fair-haired officer dared to look him in the face and insult him, he, holding the sword of the people, he, general of the Sovereign Assembly, he only knew how to stammer out such wretched phrases as these, "I have just declared to you that we are unable, 'unless compelled and constrained,' to obey the order which prohibits us from remaining assembled together." He spoke of obeying, he who ought to command. They had girded him with his scarf, and it seemed to make him uncomfortable. He inclined his head alternately, first to one shoulder and then to the other; he held his hat and cane in his hand; he had a benevolent aspect. A Legitimist member muttered in a low voice to his neighbor, "One might imagine he was a bailiff speechifying at a wedding." And his neighbor, a Legitimist also, replied, "He reminds me of the Duc d'Angoulême."

What a contrast to Tamisier! Tamisier, frank, earnest, confident, although a mere captain of artillery, had the bearing of a general. Had Tamisier, with his grave and gentle countenance, high intelligence, and dauntless heart—a species of soldier-philosopher—been better known, he could have rendered decisive services. No one can tell what would have happened if Providence had given the soul of Tamisier to Oudinot, or the epaulets of Oudinot to Tamisier.

In this bloody enterprise of December we failed to find a general's uniform becomingly worn. A book might be written on the part which gold-lace plays in the destiny of nations.

Tamisier, appointed Chief of the Staff some instants before the invasion of the Hall, placed himself at the disposal of the Assembly. He was standing on a table. He spoke with a resonant and hearty voice. The most downcast became re-assured by this modest, honest, devoted attitude. Suddenly he drew himself up, and, looking all that Royalist majority in the face, exclaimed: "Yes, I accept the charge you offer me. I accept the charge of defending the Republic! Nothing but the Republic! Do you perfectly understand?"

A unanimous shout answered him, "Vive la République!"

"Ah!" said Beslay, "the voice comes back to you as on the Fourth of May." "Long live the Republic! Nothing but the Republic!" repeated the men of the Right, Oudinot louder than the others. All arms were stretched toward Tamisier, every hand pressed his. O Danger! irresistible converter! In his last hour the Atheist invokes God, and the Royalist the Republic. They cling to that which they have repudiated.

The official historians of the *Coup d'Etat* have stated that at the beginning of the sitting two Representatives had been sent by the Assembly to the Ministry of the Interior to "negotiate." What is certain is that these two Representatives had no authority. They presented themselves, not on behalf of the Assembly, but in their own name. They offered themselves as intermediaries to procure a peaceable termination of the catastrophe which had begun. With an honesty which bordered on simplicity, they summoned Morny to yield himself a prisoner, and to return within the law, declaring that in case of refusal the Assembly would do its duty, and call the people to the defense of the Constitution and of the Republic. Morny answered them with a smile, accompanied by these plain words, "If you appeal to arms, and if I find any Representatives on the barricades, I will have them all shot to the last man."

The meeting in the Tenth Arrondissement yielded to force. President Vitet insisted that they should forcibly arrest him. A police agent who seized him turned pale and trembled. In certain circumstances, to lay violent hands upon a man is to lay them upon Right, and those who dare to do so are made to tremble by outraged Law.

The exodus from the Mairie was long, and beset with obstructions. Half an hour elapsed while the soldiers were forming a line, and while the Commissaries of Police, all the time appearing solely occupied with the care of driving back the crowd in the street, sent for orders to the Ministry of the Interior. During that time some of the Representatives, seated round a table in the great Hall, wrote to their families, to their wives, to their friends. They snatched up the last leaves of paper; the pens failed. M. De Luynes wrote to his wife a letter in pencil. There were no wafers; they were forced to send the letters unsealed; some soldiers offered to post them. M. Chambolle's son, who had accompanied his father thus far, undertook to take the letters addressed to Mesdames De Luynes, De Lasteyrie, and Duvergier de Hauranne.

General Forey—the same who had refused a battalion to the President of the Constituent Assembly, Marrast, who had promoted him from a colonel to a general—General Forey, in the centre of the court-yard of the Mairie, his face inflamed, half drunk, coming out, they said, from breakfast at the Élysée, superintended the outrage. A member, whose name we regret we do not know, dipped his boot into the gutter and wiped it along the gold stripe of the regimental trousers of General Forey. Representative Lherbette came up to General Forey, and said to him, "General, you are a coward." Then, turning to his colleagues, he exclaimed, "Do you hear? I tell this general that he is a coward." General Forey did not stir. He kept the mud on his uniform and the epithet on his cheek.

The meeting did not call the people to arms. We have just explained that it was not strong enough to do so; nevertheless, at the last moment, a member of the Left, Latrade, made a fresh effort. He took M. Berryer aside, and said to him, "Our official measures of resistance have come to an end; let us not allow ourselves now to be arrested. Let us disperse throughout the streets, crying, 'To arms!'" M. Berryer consulted a few seconds on the matter with the Vice-President, M. Benoist d'Azy, who refused.

The Deputy Mayor, hat in hand, reconducted the members of the Assembly as far as the gate of the Mairie. As soon as they appeared in the court-yard ready to go out between two lines of soldiers, the post of National Guards presented arms, and shouted, "Long live the Assembly! Long live the Representatives of the People!" The National Guards were at once disarmed, almost forcibly, by the Chasseurs de Vincennes.

There was a wine shop opposite the Mairie. As soon as the great folding gates of the Mairie opened, and the Assembly appeared in the street, led by General Forey on horseback, and having at its head the Vice-President Vitet, grasped by the neck-tie by a police agent, a few men in white blouses, gathered at the windows of this wine shop, clapped their hands and shouted, "Well done! down with the 'twenty-five francs!'"*

They set forth.

The Chasseurs de Vincennes, who marched in a double line on each side of the prisoners, cast at them looks of hatred. General Oudinot said, in a whisper, "These little infantry soldiers are terrible fellows. At the siege of Rome they flung themselves at the assault like madmen. These lads are very devils." The officers avoided the gaze of the Representatives. On leaving the Mairie, M. De Coislin passed by an officer, and exclaimed, "What a disgrace for the uniform!" The officer retaliated with angry words and incensed M. De Coislin. Shortly afterward, during the march, he came up to M. De Coislin and said to him, "Sir, I have reflected; it is I who am wrong."

They proceeded on the way slowly. At a few steps from the Mairie the procession met M. Chegaray. The Representatives called out to him, "Come!" He answered, while making an expressive gesture with his hands and his shoulders, "Oh! I dare say! As they have not arrested me—" and he feigned as though he would pass on. He was ashamed, however, and went with them. His name is found in the list of the roll-call at the barracks.

A little further on M. De Lespérut passed them. They cried out to him, "Lespérut! Lespérut!" "I am with you," answered he. The soldiers pushed him back. He seized the butt ends of the muskets, and forced his way into the column.

In one of the streets through which they went a window was opened. Suddenly a woman appeared with a child; the child, recognizing its father among the prisoners, held out its arms and called to him; the mother wept in the background.

It was at first intended to take the Assembly in a body straight to Mazas, but this was countermanded by the Ministry of the Interior. It was feared that this long walk, in broad daylight, through populous and easily aroused streets, might prove dangerous; the D'Orsay barracks were close at hand. They selected these as a temporary prison.

One of the commanders insolently pointed out with his sword the arrested Representatives to the passers-by, and said, in a loud voice, "These are the Whites; we have orders to spare them. Now it is the turn of the Red Representatives; let them look out for themselves!"

Wherever the procession passed, the populace shouted from the pavements, at the doors, at the windows, "Long live the National Assembly!" When they perceived a few Representatives of the Left sprinkled in the column, they cried, "Vive la République!" "Vive la Constitution!" and "Vive la Loi!" The shops were not shut, and passers-by went to and fro. Some people said, "Wait until the evening; this is not the end of it."

A staff officer on horseback, in full uniform, met the procession, recognized M. De Vatimesnil, and came up to greet him. In the Rue de Beaune, as they passed the house of the *Démocratie Pacifique*, a group shouted, "Down with the Traitor of the Élysée!"

On the Quai d'Orsay the shouting was redoubled. There was a great crowd there. On either side of the quay a file of soldiers of the Line, elbow to elbow, kept back the spectators. In the middle of the space left vacant, the members of the Assembly slowly advanced between a double file of soldiers, the one stationary, which threatened the people, the other on the march, which threatened the Representatives.

Serious reflections arise in the presence of all the details of the great crime which this book is designed to relate. Every honest man who sets himself face to face with the *Coup d'Etat* of Louis Bonaparte hears nothing but a tumult of indignant thoughts in his conscience. Whoever reads our work to the end will assuredly not credit us with the intention of extenuating this monstrous deed. Nevertheless, as the deep logic of actions ought always to be italicized by the historian, it is necessary here to call to mind and to repeat, even to satiety, that apart from the members of the Left, of whom a very small number were present, and whom we have mentioned by name, the three hundred Representatives who thus defiled before the eyes of the crowd constituted the old Royalist and reactionary majority of the Assembly. If it were possible to forget that, whatever were their errors, whatever were their faults, and, we venture to add, whatever were their illusions, these persons thus treated were the Representatives of the leading civilized nation, were sovereign legislators, senators of the people, inviolable Deputies, and sacred by the great law of Democracy, and that in the same manner as each man bears in himself something of the mind of God, so each of these nominees of universal suffrage bore something of the soul of France; if it were possible to forget this for a moment, it assuredly would be a spectacle perhaps more laughable than sad, and certainly more philosophical than lamentable, to see on this December morning, after so many laws of repression, after so many exceptional measures, after so many votes of censure and of the state of siege, after so many refusals of amnesty, after so many affronts to equity, to justice, to the human conscience, to the public good faith, to right, after so many favors

* An allusion to the twenty-five francs a day officially payable to the members of the Assembly.

to the police, after so many smiles bestowed on absolutism, the entire Party of Order arrested in a body and taken to prison by the *sergents de ville!*

One day, or rather one night, the moment having come to save society, the *Coup d'Etat* abruptly seizes the Demagogues, and finds that it holds by the collar—Whom? The Royalists.

They arrived at the barracks, formerly the barracks of the Royal Guard, and on the pediment of which is a carved escutcheon whereon are still visible the traces of the three *fleurs de lys* effaced in 1830. They halted. The door was opened. "Why," said M. De Broglie, "here we are."

At that moment a great placard posted on the barrack wall by the side of the door bore in big letters,

"REVISION OF THE CONSTITUTION."

It was the advertisement of a pamphlet, published two or three days previous to the *Coup d'Etat*, without any author's name, demanding the Empire, and was attributed to the President of the Republic.

The Representatives entered and the doors were closed upon them. The shouts ceased; the crowd, which occasionally has its meditative moments, remained for some time on the quay, dumb, motionless, gazing alternately at the closed gate of the barracks and at the silent front of the Palace of the Assembly, dimly visible in the misty December twilight, two hundred paces distant.

The two Commissaries of Police went to report their "success" to M. De Morny. M. De Morny said, "Now the struggle has begun. Excellent! These are the last Representatives who will be made prisoners."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EDUCATION IN EUROPE.

It has become the custom in our educational reports to paint in dark lines those sections of the country where illiteracy abounds, and the symbol is singularly appropriate. Wherever the gloomy tint appears on the map, whether in the heart of our cities or in some distant wild, the ominous color indicates the prevalence of disorder and crime. Had we some educational map of those countries that border the northern basin of the Atlantic and lie opposite to our shores, it would be found that the same practice might well be applied to them, and the same consequences may be every where found to follow the want of knowledge. A map of England, Ireland, France, and Spain would be covered with dark lines in many unexpected quarters. A large proportion of the people of those countries are still intensely ignorant, and disorder and violence would every where be seen to follow the gloomy shadows of the map. Yet it is the marked and novel trait of the people who inhabit the shores of this temperate basin that a similar impulse seems to have moved them all during the past ten years, and that even Spain has made a bold but ineffectual effort to grasp that knowledge which has been so sedulously withheld from its people for the last two centuries. For a brief moment, when Spain was a republic under CASTELAR, impoverished, divided, her statesmen planned a system of universal education; they were resolved that CERVANTES and CALDERON should no longer fail to reach the vast majority of the Spaniards, that literature and science should be no longer strangers to the great body of their countrymen. A system of public schools was established; some—many useful ones, it is said—were opened; Spaniards learned to read and write. New emotions, higher thoughts, began to fill the minds of the gallant race that had produced *Don Quixote* and the endless inventions of LOPE DE VEGA, that shared in the general revival of letters three centuries ago only to sink once more into a silent gloom. The republican schools promised to awaken Spain and create a new nation. But the reaction came; the republic fell, CASTELAR is an exile, and the course of education in the peninsula has been stayed for another decade. The dark lines of illiteracy must be drawn over the whole territory from the Pyrenees to the Straits, and disorder, pauperism, and crime must still continue to mark the unhappy land.

France has been almost equally unfortunate. It was discovered at the close of the late hostilities that a third—perhaps a still larger proportion—of Frenchmen were wholly illiterate; that schools abounded only as they approached the German line; that Normandy, Brittany, and the west were seats of ignorance; that France was forced into the German war because it wanted knowledge. In 1873 the republicans, under THIERS, resolved to educate their people upon the American system, to plant free schools every where, to make them wholly unsectarian, to cultivate a nation. An admirable plan was prepared; the THIERS ministry brought it before the monarchical Assembly. Bishop DUPANLOUP and the whole papal influence assailed it with bitter taunts and outcries, and the THIERS ministry was suddenly driven from power by a *coup d'état*. M'MAHON came into office; the cause of knowledge received a fatal check. Nearly four years had passed by; the clerical faction ruled in the Assembly, and were slowly resuming the control of all the educational institutions of France. But once more the republicans in the present spring found themselves supreme in politics, and again they brought forward their measure of popular instruction. It was to be radical, it was to be complete; and although M. WADDINGTON was forced to strike out the compulsory clause to satisfy the clamors of the clerical faction, his educational bill, almost an American one, was not unworthy of Michigan or California. It is impossible to describe the clamor that arose from the ultramontane journals, the terror of the nobility, the rage of the Vatican. That unsectarian common schools, which they had so long opposed or controlled in Europe and America, should be established firmly in France, was an offense against ecclesiastical discipline that could never be allowed. The *Univers*, the papal journal, demanded the dismissal of the SIMON ministry. The marshal obeyed, and France has once more fallen back into the ranks of the unprogressive nations. In Paris, a republican city, the public schools are said to flourish in rare excellence. In the provinces the cause of knowledge languishes, and the dark lines of illiteracy must be drawn over a large part of the fair and prosperous land from the Channel to the Pyrenees. Only the success of the republican party in its conflict with the marshal and his allies can again awaken the popular intellect. A civil war, which the clerical party seems to court, would close, for a moment at least, the educational progress of France.

Ireland has long possessed an excellent system of national schools, the result of a series of careful legislation. The government has done all in its power to instruct the people, except passing a compulsory law. The schools are said to be placed within the reach of nearly every child. But some fatal defect seems to have prevented in many districts the successful action of the system. The religious question, hostility of the papal priests, the indifference of the teachers, perhaps the poverty of the land, have still retained Ireland in the ranks of the less educated countries. One-third of its people, it was estimated a few years ago, were wholly ignorant; some improvement may perhaps have taken place. The worst educated part of its population have crossed the ocean; good order is preserved by rigid laws; the spirit of the people is improving; violence, we may hope, will soon be discouraged wholly, and human life and property become as safe in Ireland as they were, the legend runs, in its earlier ages. No country, no people, should grasp more eagerly the advantages of the common-school system than the Irish on both sides of the Atlantic, none make greater haste to escape from the dark lines of illiteracy.

To England the friends of education may turn with real enthusiasm. The act of 1870 has been carried out with singular boldness, discretion, liberality. By the latest report of the London School Board it appears that new school buildings are being steadily erected all over the metropolis, ample, spacious, well lighted, and designed by skillful engineers. Their appearance is fine, their style varied; they are built with great cheapness and strength. At Stoke Newington a graceful building has arisen amidst the scenery consecrated by GRAY; in the closer district of Marylebone the Nightingale School is simpler and excellent; Winstanley Road School resembles a Tudor castle. In some respects these school buildings are unsurpassed in New York or Boston; in others, perhaps, we may excel them. But wherever it is possible in the English schools, land is bought for a play-ground, and the bodies of the children are freely cultivated with their minds. The teachers of London are well paid, carefully educated, and usually accomplished men and women. They are controlled by an intelligent school board; are never exposed, as has happened to some of our own teachers in our city districts, to the brutality of an intoxicated and ignorant trustee. Imitating us, the English bid fair to surpass us in the race for knowledge. The English cities at least are filled with a new mental progress; Leeds, Birmingham, and even Liverpool contend for the chief excellence in teaching; the reactionary faction in vain complains of the expense, the danger of educating the people; and the sluggish conservatism of England has been stirred by a mental uprising that has scarcely been equalled in its midst since the days of SHAKSPEARE and BACON.

Such is the general condition of education along the opposite shores of our ocean: the people every where eager for knowledge; the reactionary elements of society laboring to stay its progress. Upon our own side the prospect is also checkered with some shades of danger. Never were our public schools more endeared to the people, more vigorous or progressive, than in all the States where the Republican party rules. But its enemies are untiring, and never sleep. In the vicissitudes of politics they rise into power; in the violence of political controversies the public schools may be neglected or forgotten. It is the duty of every parent, of every good citizen, to see that his children are well cared for, that the dark lines of illiteracy are wholly erased from our educational map, the rule of ignorance and crime overthrown together. EUGENE LAWRENCE.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

DECEMBER.

Sunday,	2.—First Sunday in Advent.
Sunday,	9.—Second Sunday in Advent.
Sunday,	16.—Third Sunday in Advent.
Friday,	21.—St. Thomas, the Apostle.
Sunday,	23.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Tuesday,	25.—Christmas-day.
Wednesday,	26.—St. Stephen, the Martyr.
Thursday,	27.—St. John, the Evangelist.
Friday,	28.—The Holy Innocents.
Sunday,	30.—Sunday after Christmas.

No more important question was discussed by the Congregational National Council, recently held at Detroit, than the relation of State universities to denominational colleges. In the West, such universities have developed in a manner wholly unknown in the Eastern States. President BASCOM, of the Wisconsin University, who was a member of the Council, is a strong advocate of the State system. On the other hand, the denominationalists fear (1) that the State universities may become wholly secular, and (2) that the influence exerted for the time being by Christian presidents will have in it no element of permanence. The Council adopted unanimously a report in which were these weighty words: "These institutions"—the State universities—"belong not to the irreligious public, but to the whole public. It were very undesirable if they ceased to have the moral support of religious men while legitimately fulfilling their proper functions in the commonwealth. It were disastrous if for want of that moral support they practically passed into the hands of men wholly indifferent or hostile to religion, and therefore ceased to fulfill their proper function in the commonwealth."

The Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which has been carrying a debt of $262,000, reports at the close of its financial year, October 31, 1877, a decrease of the indebtedness to the amount of $92,979. The comparative figures for 1876 and 1877 are: disbursements in 1876, $699,904; disbursements in 1877, $560,055; decrease in disbursements, $139,849. Receipts for 1876, $594,188; receipts for 1877, $628,977; increase of receipts, $34,789. The Mission Committee, whose duty it is to fix the appropriations for 1878, met in this city November 14.

Early in November the Pope was reported to be in a dying condition, but the rumor was at once contradicted. His health is no doubt very feeble, but he still receives visitors.

In formally providing for an order of deaconesses in the Protestant Episcopal Church, the late General Convention took especial care to forbid a vow for life. "No deaconess or sister," says the new canon, "shall take any vow of perpetual obligation in admission to or connection with her office." Each candidate for membership must be twenty-five years of age, and also be approved by the bishop of the diocese.

"Pay your minister," says the Monmouth (New Jersey) Classis of the Reformed Dutch Church. That it can say so with effect is evident from the following resolution: "When the salary shall have been paid and notice thereof given to the Classis, then the Classis will consider the question of dissolving the pastoral relation." It is reported that a Presbyterian congregation in Rockland County, New York, was required by the Presbytery to pay up, as a condition of the dissolution of the pastoral tie. Applicants to Classes and Presbyteries for pastoral dismissions must have their receipts ready.

The twelve papers read at the biennial session of the Evangelical Alliance of the United States, whose meeting at Detroit, October 31, has already been noticed in this column, were of more than ordinary interest. Of two of them a correspondent of the *Congregationalist* thus speaks: "A very fine paper, eloquently delivered, was by the Rev. C. C. TIFFANY, of New York, on the 'Tendencies of Modern Thought, as related to Romanism and Rationalism.' It was a gem. But the most important production on the same subject was by the Rev. C. D. HARTRANFT, D.D., of New Brunswick. It displayed a breadth of learning and depth of thought rarely attainable. It was very long, occupying more than three hours in reading; but he was compelled, whenever he modestly paused, to go on by his interested and enthusiastic audience."

It would seem that Mr. MOODY's family were once Unitarians. The following account of them is given in the *Watchman*, of Boston: "His grandfather was a brick mason. When he first came to Northfield (Massachusetts) his only possessions were the clothes he wore and the tools of his trade. Probably a five-dollar bill would more than have purchased the latter. A brother in the same business accompanied him. As is generally known, the father of the future evangelist died when the latter was a small boy, with a brother still younger, and others older. The excellent Christian mother, a member of the Unitarian church of Northfield, on whose sole care the family was thrown, still survives to witness what God is doing through her distinguished boy. The younger brother was converted during Mr. MOODY's labors in Northfield, and became an active Christian, but a year ago he suddenly fell dead." Another brother is a deacon in the Unitarian Church, "and is in full sympathy with the evangelist."

Dr. CROSBY's temperance reform scheme contains one proposal which will commend itself to all citizens, namely, the encouragement of "substitutes for the liquor shops." There is a volume of suggestions in this short sentence. We may lead many to reform by showing them a better way. A man who has lived in a hovel does not need much persuasion to try to better himself if a tidy house is offered to him. Another part of this new reformation is the organization of "law and order leagues in every ward and county of the State."

It will be part of the business of the International Sunday-school Convention, which meets in Atlanta, Georgia, next April, to furnish statistics of all the Sunday-schools in the United States. The last totals were reported in 1875. They show 69,871 Sunday-schools, 753,060 officers and teachers, 5,790,683 scholars. This will give a total of 6,543,708 persons in the Sunday-schools of our country.

The Convention of the National Liberal League, which was held in Rochester, New York, October 26-28, has made a distinct issue with all who believe that Christianity is part of the law of the land. Two of the resolutions adopted make these declarations: (1) "That Christians who declare this is a Christian government, and that the government is bound to favor unsectarian Christianity, are drifting into a dangerous and wicked conspiracy against the religious liberties of the American people." (2) "That the government of the United States is not a Christian but a secular government; that it would be a piece of flagrant iniquity and injustice for the government to patronize either sectarian or unsectarian Christianity."

It is difficult to obtain summary statistics of the operations of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, whose National Convention was held in Chicago during October. Subordinate to the National Union are State Unions, and auxiliary to these are local Unions. The local Unions are not all, however, linked with the State organizations. As this temperance movement grew out of the Woman's Ohio Crusade, it is natural to expect the largest number of local organizations in the Western States, and such is the fact. In Ohio there are 150; in Indiana, as many; in Iowa, 75; in Illinois, 54; in Michigan, 150; in Wisconsin, 15. In Massachusetts there are 80 Unions; in Connecticut, 23; in Rhode Island, 4; in Maine, 9. In Cleveland, Ohio, a "Woman's Church" has been established, with Miss JENNIE DUTY—very appropriate name—for pastor. This church is described in the annual report as "a company of believers, whose spiritual and temporal interests are in the hands of seven women—deaconesses they might well be called—members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union." What is the precise object of this novel church does not appear.

An achievement which carries us back to the beginnings of Biblical history is announced in the English papers—the successful ascent of Mount Ararat by Mr. BRYCE. The peak is 17,000 feet high, the last 3000 feet being above the snow-line. The top of "Little Ararat" is the boundary of the dominions of the Czar, the Sultan, and the Shah of Persia. Both Mohammedans and Armenian Christians hold the belief that the great peak is inaccessible to man. When, three days after the accomplishment of this feat, the head of the Armenian monastery at the foot of the mountain was told of it, he said, "That can not be. No one has ever been there. It is impossible."

The Roman Catholic Congress at Bergamo, Italy, was successfully held October 10-13, no government interference being offered. About 400 delegates attended. The president declared the Congress to "be Catholic in the sense of accepting the Syllabus in all its parts, and standing or falling with the Pope." A resolution was adopted supplicating the Pope to declare St. FRANCIS DE SALES protector of journalists.

The Sunday-school statistics of New Hampshire show 15,357 scholars in the Congregational schools, as many in the Methodist, 8562 in the Free-will Baptist, 7892 in the Close Communion Baptist, and 1091 in the Universalist schools.

The new *Missionary Review*, which has been announced as about to issue from Princeton, will be edited by the Rev. R. G. WILDER, who has spent thirty years as a missionary in India. It will give much of its space to Presbyterian missions and the questions arising out of their administration. Among the articles announced for the first number are "The late Missionary Conference in China" and "Early Roman Catholic Missions in Western India."

The Chinese ambassador in London, who has greatly interested himself in the suppression of the opium traffic between India and China, has said, in reply to an address made to him by the Friends: "The total import duties collected on opium in China amount to but £1,000,000. The sum is not great, and its collection can not have much effect on foreign trade. The Chinese government now contemplate taking measures to prohibit opium-smoking in China, and thus it may be hoped that the use of the drug may gradually diminish." This heathen ambassador thinks, also, that if the cultivation of grain in India were substituted for the raising of the poppy, India would be more likely to have an available surplus of food in time of famine.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A YOUNG clergyman having the misfortune to bury five wives, being in company with a number of ladies, was severely rallied by them upon the circumstance. At last one of them rather impertinently put the question to him how he managed to have such good luck. "Why, madam," says he, "I knew they could not live without contradiction, therefore I let them go their own way."

"Now tell me, colonel, how do you feel when you've killed a man?" "Oh, very well, thank you, doctor; how do you?"

SAILOR (*smoking and soliloquizing*). "If I only had been born a steamboat! Could have smoked like that steamer without buying tobacco."

A St. Louis journal tells of a disconsolate widower who, on seeing the body of his late wife lowered into the grave, exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "Well, I've lost gloves, I've lost umbrellas—yes, even cows and horses; but I never—no, never—had any thing to cut like this."

The name of a centenarian recently deceased was Lettus Steel. He was no politician either.

A Western editor returned a tailor's bill, indorsed, "Declined: handwriting illegible."

A HEALING MEDIUM—A cobbler.

A sailor is not necessarily an anchorite.

"Time flies," suggested she. "Yes," he answered, sadly, taking a dark object out of the cream, "time flies were gone."

Parisians are playing base-ball; and now monsieur le pitcheur gracefully pitches the ball to monsieur le strikaire, who makes a trois base hit into the estomac of monsieur *le champ à la gauche* (left field), who exclaims, "Ventrebleu!" and sits down on the grass for rest and refreshments.

"Yes," said she, "a dish of ice-cream relaxes the muscles of my heart; but two dishes—oh, two dishes!—make me feel as though I could love on and on forever." So he ordered the waiter to bring on another dish, and counted not on the cost.

The girl with the seal-skin sacque looks complacently upon the approach of winter, while the maiden without one of those garments is engaged in circulating the report that they are to be extremely unfashionable this year.

He was from the country, and he came to town for the first time. As he looked at the telegraph wires, he said, "Why do you make your wire fences so high?"

What is that which lives in the winter, dies in summer, and always grows with its roots upward?—An icicle.

Mr. X—— is a widower. Since the time he lost his wife, whom he adored, five years ago, he has not left off looking every day at the locket containing the hair of his dear and austere companion, and the other day he had a visit from a friend at the moment when he was dyeing the lock of hair of the much-loved one. "What are you doing?" asked his friend. "You see well enough I am dyeing this hair an ash blonde, because this color is much worn now. I wish the hair of my 'sainted Maria' to be always in fashion."

A SKIRMISH NEAR PLEVNA.

This spirited engraving will give our readers an idea of the guerrilla-like warfare carried on by those most valuable allies of the Turk, the Circassians. The occasion is one of the many skirmishes that have taken place in the neighborhood of Plevna since the Russians have attempted to surround the town. In spite of the tremendous efforts of the invading army to cut off all communication, there has as yet been no time when bands of these hardy riders have not been able to make their way back and forth with little difficulty. As a regular soldier the Circassian is of little service, but if allowed to fight in their own wild way, these hardy mountaineers are invaluable as irregular cavalry.

The Circassians, or Tcherkesses, as they are called by the Russians, are a warlike race of men inhabiting the region of the Caucasus. As a people they adhere rigidly to the principles of feudal subordination, their chiefs pursuing ordinarily no other business or recreation than war, pillage, and the amusements of the chase. They live a lordly life, wander about, hold frequent carousals, and arrange freebooting and military excursions. Besides these chiefs or princes, there are four distinct ranks in the nation—nobles, common freemen, dependents, and slaves. The class of common freemen make up the great mass of the people. They possess property, and enjoy the same political rights as the nobles, whose lands they cultivate and whose armies they form. Yet their lord has no right over their person; for in some cases they and their whole families leave him. On the other hand, they may be sold as slaves for punishment, according to the previous verdict of a national assembly. The fifth class comprises the slaves, or those who have been made captive in war. These constitute the greater part of the wealth of their lords, and serve especially to increase their power. The resistance which the Circassians for more than half a century offered to the arms of Russia brought them into prominent notice; but with the capture of the prophet-chief of the Lesghian tribe, Schamyl, in 1859, their power was greatly shattered, and although several tribes still retained their independence, the territory was looked upon as virtually subjugated. Now, however, the struggle between the Turks and Russians has given the Circassians an opportunity to revenge old scores, and large numbers of them have joined the army of the Sultan, under whose flag they fight with vindictive fury.

When at home the Circassians usually dwell in villages, which, partly on account of the accumulation of filth, and partly from the insufficient protection afforded by their dwellings in case of attack, they from time to time desert. On such occasions the houses are demolished, the timber, together with the household furniture, is carried off, and what can not be removed is burned. The attention of the migrating horde is then turned to the choice of a convenient site upon which to erect a new village. If the spot chosen for this purpose is at a distance from water, they construct, with much ingenuity, a canal from the nearest rivulet. The houses are built contiguous to each other, in the form either of a circle or a square, and so that the inner space serves as a large common cattle-yard, provided with only one gate, and protected on all sides by the circumjacent buildings. The dwelling of the chief, which is usually large and commodious, and fitted up in such a manner as to afford to the occupants every desirable convenience, stands apart from the group which is destined for the use of the common mass of people. Small solitary houses, or rather square rooms, are built here and there for the accommodation of visitors. These answer the purpose of public inns, which would indeed be a most unnecessary institution among people so hospitable that they will contend with each other who shall entertain any stranger that comes among them. Occasionally there are also erected in the open fields round huts of wicker-work, containing a pit to be used as a place of retreat.

The Circassians are, upon the whole, a handsome race of men. In the higher classes especially they are usually of tall stature, thin, but Herculean in structure. They are very slender about the loins, and have small feet, but possess uncommon strength in the arms. Some of these characteristics are not produced, however, without artificial aid. Frequently the waist is compressed from infancy for the purpose of securing a greater thinness between the breast and loins. The unusual smallness of the feet is probably also due in some measure to the practice of forcing them into tight morocco slippers. The dress of the Circassians is picturesque, and calculated to show the form to advantage. That worn by the men is at once neat, light, and becoming. Above the lower part of it, which is made of a sort of light material, persons of distinction wear sometimes a short rich waistcoat, to supply, as it were, the place of armor. The upper dress, consisting either of cloth or other strong woven stuff, is somewhat shorter than the under garment; the sleeves are slit open, and frequently lined with fur. The breeches are provided with knee straps, and the seams bound with narrow lace or embroidery, which the women manufacture very skillfully of gold and silver threads. The upper garment is regularly furnished with a small embroidered pocket on each side of the breast for containing cartridges. The whiskers are suffered to grow, and on the head, which is shorn in the Polish fashion, there is worn an embroidered cap. This remarkable head-covering is quilted with cotton, the pattern shaped like the creases in a melon, and among the wealthy classes it is profusely ornamented with gold and silver lace.

When a prince or Usden pays a visit in full dress he arrays himself in all his accoutrements and coat of arms, with sometimes also an additional jacket of mail. These coats of mail are manufactured of polished steel rings, and imported from Persia, and also from Kubesha, by the tribes of the Caucasus. The helmet and the arm plates, from the former of which there sometimes depends a mass of ringlets, are made of polished steel. In the girdle a dagger and pistol are usually worn, while the bow and quiver are fastened about the loins by straps. In common visits the coat of mail is worn under the

A SKIRMISH ON THE ROAD TO PLEV

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...overed with an ordinary ...used is a sabre. With- ...f wealth and rank never ...do they venture beyond ...without being completely ...ir breast pockets sup- ... When persons of the ...a sabre or other arms, ...with a long staff, on one ...large iron head, and on ...ke about eighteen inches ...art they are very expert ...sians usually show very ...their costumes to the ...er they will wear their ... seemingly unconscious of the extra heat induced by such an unnecessary amount of clothing. The only difference shown in winter is that, instead of allowing these garments to hang from the shoulders, they are wrapped around the body.

The manner of living among the Circassians is very simple. The families assemble to partake of a common meal, which is usually prepared from a single article of food. Here, as among the Tartars, each village is reckoned at a certain number of kettles. Of meat they consume very little. What they do eat is either the flesh of game, in which the country abounds, beef or mutton, or what is said to be a favorite dish—the flesh of the young horse; together with this they make use of a paste made of millet or of thin cakes of barley meal baked upon the hearth. These are always eaten fresh. The usual drink is water, or beer made from fermented millet or mare's milk. From the latter a kind of spirit is distilled, as among most of the Tartar tribes. The Circassians do not generally allot stated hours either for eating or sleeping, but indulge in these sources of refreshment irregularly as convenience or inclination suggests. When the men make excursions into an enemy's country, they will even pass several days and nights successively without sleeping, displaying the same kind of physical endurance as that practiced by our own Indians when on the war-path. On their return, however, they will give themselves up to such indulgence, and make up for all the time lost.

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AN OPEN VERDICT.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Joshua Haggard's Daughter," "Weavers and Weft," etc.

CHAPTER XLVII.

KENRICK'S WEDDING DAY.

The evening after that meeting in the church-yard was a melancholy one for Kenrick. He had counted upon spending it with Beatrix. The settlements were to have been signed at the Water House at nine o'clock, the Vicar, Mr. Scratchell, and Sir Kenrick meeting there for that purpose. When nine o'clock came, Sir Kenrick and the two trustees were assembled in Miss Harefield's drawing-room, Mr. Scratchell's clerk in attendance with the documents, and ready to sign as witness whenever required; but Miss Harefield herself was not forth-coming. They waited some time, Sir Kenrick full of uneasiness, and then Madame Leonard came to them, looking pale and worried.

"I am sorry to have bad news for you, Sir Kenrick," she said, in her pretty French, "but Miss Harefield is much too ill to sign any papers or to see any one to-night. Is it absolutely necessary these papers should be signed?"

"They must be signed before she is married," said Mr. Scratchell, "but it can be done in the vestry, five minutes before the wedding, if she likes."

"But what is the matter?" asked Sir Kenrick. "She was very well—or she seemed very well—when I was with her yesterday."

"She is far from well to-night. She is nervous and low-spirited. It would be cruelty to insist upon her coming down stairs to receive you."

"I am not going to be cruel," said Kenrick, moodily. "Perhaps it is cruel of me to ask her to marry me to-morrow. Her low spirits to-night seem to indicate that the prospect is repugnant to her."

"Don't be savage, Kenrick," said the Vicar. "A young lady's nerves are a delicate piece of mechanism, and a trifle will put them out of order. The settlements had better stand over till to-morrow morning. We can all meet here at ten."

"But I want to know why she is ill—or out of spirits," urged Kenrick. "Has Mr. Namby seen her?" he asked, abruptly, of Madame Leonard.

"No. She is hardly so ill as to need medical advice. She wants repose, to be left to herself for a little while, not to be worried about business matters. She wished to have no marriage settlement. The whole thing is an annoyance to her."

"She wished to play the fool," muttered Mr. Scratchell, "but I wasn't going to let her make ducks and drakes of the whole of her property."

They all went away after a little more talk, Kenrick in a bad temper. This was like his welcome at Southampton, when, with a heart burning with eager love, he had found only coldness and restraint in his betrothed. She had been kinder, and had even seemed happy in his society, of late; but there had been moments of coldness—days on which she had been absent-minded and fitful.

"I am a fool to love her as I do," he thought, as he walked silently back to the Vicarage, while Mr. Dulcimer chewed the cud of his afternoon readings, and debated within himself the insolvable enigma of Ovid's exile—a favorite subject of meditation with him, as being a key-note to the domestic history of Augustus. "I am a fool to make myself miserable about her," mused Kenrick. "Why can not I think of my marriage as a mere matter of convenience—the salvation of a fine old estate—as other people do?"

The tea party at the Vicarage had not been lively. Cyril looked ill, and had little to say for himself.

"You are overworked at Bridford," said the Vicar, decisively. "The place is killing you. I must have you back here, Cyril. There is quite work enough to be done, and you may indulge in your new-fangled ways as much as you like, for I know you are too sensible to consider outward fripperies an essential part of an earnest service. You shall do what you like with the choir, and have as many services at unearthly hours of the morning as you please. But you shall not kill yourself in that polluted town."

"I am more useful there than I could ever be here," urged Cyril.

"But you will be no use any where when you are dead. A living dog, you know, is of more value in the world than a dead lion. If you go on doing the lion's work yonder, you will soon be in the condition of the dead lion, and of less use than the most insignificant live dog. They would stuff you and put you in a glass case, no doubt—or rather they would subscribe for a handsome

tablet in the parish church, setting out your virtues, but the tablet would be useful to no one."

"Your argument is forcible," said Cyril. "If I find myself really breaking down at Bridford, I will ask you to let me come back to my work here."

"Be sure you do."

The cousins were not alone together during any part of the evening. It was between ten and eleven o'clock when the Vicar and Kenrick returned from the Water House, and they found Mrs. Dulcimer alone in the library.

"Poor Cyril was tired after his journey," she said, "and I persuaded him to go to bed half an hour ago. Oh, Clement, I never saw such a change in any young man. I'm afraid he's going into a decline."

"Fiddle-sticks," exclaimed the Vicar. "There's nothing consumptive about the Culverhouses. Cyril has the shoulders of an athlete, and the constitution of a Spartan reared at the public tables on the leavings of the old men. But if he goes on working night and day in that sink of sanitary iniquity, Bridford, he will get himself into such a feeble state that his next attack of fever will be fatal."

"I am sure I had no idea he was so seriously ill last September, or I should have gone to Bridford to see him," said Mrs. Dulcimer; "but he tells me he had excellent nurses, two Frenchwomen, sisters of some charitable order. You needn't be frightened, Clement. They were not nuns, and they made no attempt to convert him."

"I would not despise them if they had made the attempt," answered the Vicar. "Every man has a right to offer his idea of salvation to his brother. The feeling is right, though the theology may be wrong."

Kenrick was up soon after seven o'clock next morning—a wintry gray morning, without a ray of sunshine to gild his hopes. He was nearly dressed when he was startled by the sharp voice of Rebecca.

"A letter, Sir, brought by hand from the Water House. I've put it under the door."

Kenrick seized the letter with a vague foreboding of evil. It was in Beatrix Harefield's hand.

"Forgive me, Kenrick, forgive me if you can for what I am going to do. Oh, forgive me, my poor friend, pray forgive me, for having played fast and loose with you. I am going away to some corner of the world where neither you nor any one I have ever known can follow me or hear of me. I am fleeing from a marriage which could only result in misery to both you and me. You love me too well, you are too generous-minded, to be satisfied with less than my true love; and that I can not give you. I have prayed God to turn my heart toward you, to let me love you; but I can not. There is always another whose image comes between me and my thoughts of you. I have tried to forget him, to thrust him out of my heart. I have tried to be angry with him for his doubt of me; but once having given him my heart, I could not take it back again.

"For the last few days my mind has been full of hesitation and perplexity. I knew that if I married you I should be doing a wicked thing—I should stand before God's altar with a lie upon my lips. I knew that if I broke my promise, I should give you pain. I have argued the question with myself a hundred times, but come to no fixed conclusion. I have been swayed to and fro like a reed in the wind. I wanted to do right, to act generously and justly to you who have been so full of trustfulness and generosity for me. This afternoon I saw your cousin. The meeting was neither his seeking nor mine, Kenrick. Be sure of that. An accident brought us face to face in the church-yard. Oh, then I knew, in a moment, that I must not marry you—that it would be better to break a hundred promises than to be your wife. Before he had spoken a word, while he stood looking at me in silence, I knew that I had never ceased to love him—that, let him scorn me as he might, I must go on loving him to the end.

"So there was no alternative but this which I am taking, and this letter is my last farewell to you and all who have ever known me in England.

"Your estate is free from the mortgage that encumbered it. In the beginning of my trouble of mind, when I found myself hesitating as to what course I ought to take, I resolved that the home you love should be set free. It is done. I beg you to take this as a gift from one who has learned to love you very truly as a friend and brother, but who could never have loved you with the love you would have claimed from a wife.

"Yours affectionately and regretfully,
"Beatrix Harefield.

"The Water House, *Tuesday, eleven o'clock.*"

"This is Cyril's doing," cried Kenrick, beside himself with rage. "They have plotted this between them. And she throws her money in my face. She thinks that I am so tame a hound as to take the wealth for which the world would say I chose her, and let her go—the money without the wife. They have planned it between them. It is like Cyril. 'Kenrick only cares about Culverhouse Castle,' he told her. 'Set the estate free, and he will forgive you all the rest.' But I will not forgive either of them. I will follow both with my undying hatred. I will fling back her pitiful gift into her false cruel face. She let me think I had won her love, while she meant to buy my forgiveness with her money."

And then he flung himself face downward on the floor and gave vent to his passion in angry tears. He had been happier lying on the blood-soaked ground under the walls of Pegu, with the brown Burmese soldiers trampling upon him, and a very acute consciousness of a bullet in his shoulder. Never had he been so wretched as at this moment, never so angry with fate or his fellow-men.

He had to conquer his passion presently, and go calmly down stairs to tell Mr. and Mrs. Dulcimer that there was to be no wedding.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

JILTED.

"No wedding!" screamed Mrs. Dulcimer, putting down the old silver tea-pot and staring aghast at nothing particular.

"No wedding!" repeated the Vicar.

"No," answered Kenrick, hoarsely, and with a hardness of manner which he maintained all through that painful day. "She has been fooling me all this time. She has written to tell me that she never loved me—and—at the last—it came into her head that she ought not to marry me without loving me. An after-thought. And she flings me fifty thousand pounds as a peace-offering. As you throw an importunate dog a biscuit, when you don't want him to follow you."

"It is most extraordinary," exclaimed the Vicar. "She was in such a hurry to pay off those mortgages before her marriage. I thought she was romantically in love with you."

"You don't understand," said Kenrick. "That was how she meant to make amends to me. She valued my love, my manhood, my self-respect, at fifty thousand pounds. I am paid in full, she thinks, and I have no right to complain."

"Women are an incrutable race," said the Vicar.

"I am a most unlucky woman," wailed Mrs. Dulcimer. "I took such a pride in bringing Kenrick and Beatrix together—such an excellent match—so well suited to each other—a large fortune—a fine position in the county—title—every thing."

"My love, it will not mend the matter for you to get hysterical," remonstrated the Vicar. "Where are you going, Kenrick?" he asked, as Kenrick moved toward the door.

"To the Water House. Where is Cyril?"

"He got an early cup of tea from Rebecca and went round to see some of his old parishioners. He promised to be at the church before eleven."

"A superfluous civility," said Kenrick. "No doubt he knew there would be no wedding."

"Kenrick!" remonstrated Mrs. Dulcimer; but Kenrick was gone.

He walked down to the Water House faster than he had ever walked there in his life, though Love had lent him Mercury's winged sandals. To-day rage and baffled love and gnawing jealousy drove him as fast as if they had been palpable scourges wielded by the Furies.

Every thing looked very quiet at the old Tudor house by the river. The butler came to the door. Miss Harefield had gone away with Madame Leonard at five o'clock that morning. The carriage had taken them to the railway station at Great Yafford. No one had gone with them but the coachman, and he had not left his box. The porters had carried the luggage into the station. Yes, there was a good deal of luggage. The big cases were to be sent to a furniture warehouse in London.

The house was to remain in the care of the butler and Mrs. Peters, the housekeeper. The servants were to be on board wages. Mr. Scratchell was to arrange every thing.

Mr. Scratchell came in while Sir Kenrick was questioning the butler. He too had received a letter from Beatrix, which he allowed Kenrick to read.

"Dear Mr. Scratchell,—I am going abroad, most likely for a long time. Please receive the rents as usual, attend to all repairs, and pay in all moneys to the bank, as heretofore. I shall be obliged if you will give the servants whatever allowance is liberal and proper for board wages. This had better be paid monthly, in advance. Please see that the house and grounds are kept in good order, and that all my subscriptions to local and other charities are regularly paid.

"Mr. Dulcimer is to have any money he requires for his poor. Yours very truly,
"Beatrix Harefield."

"Business-like," said Mr. Scratchell; "but I'm afraid the poor young woman is not quite right in her mind. Do you know what she has done about the mortgages on your property?"

"Yes," answered Kenrick. "You don't suppose I am going to keep the money?"

"I don't suppose you'd be so demented as to give it back," said Mr. Scratchell. "You'd better keep it. If she doesn't make ducks and drakes of it one way, she will another. What was your quarrel about?"

"Quarrel," echoed Kenrick, and then it occurred to him that it was just as well to let this vulgarian Scratchell believe that he and Beatrix had quarreled.

How could a piece of such common clay as Mr. Scratchell comprehend the finer feelings of human porcelain? He only thought it cracked.

There was nothing more to be discovered at the Water House. Beatrix and her companion had gone. That was all. Miss Harefield had made her arrangements with coolness and promptitude. It might be just possible to follow her, but to what end?

Kenrick went in quest of Cyril. After a good deal of inquiry he found him with a bedridden old woman, listening to a doleful story of the winter's sufferings.

"I want to talk to you, Cyril," said Kenrick; and, with a gentle apology, Cyril cut short the dame's rambling account of her bodily ills, which threatened to be as long as Madame Lafayette's description of the Duchess of Orleans's fatal colic.

"What is the matter, Ken?" asked Cyril, when they were outside in the windy road. "You look as pale as a ghost."

"There is to be no marriage. Beatrix has gone away—and you know all about it. You planned it together yesterday when you met in the church-yard."

"Upon my honor, Kenrick, I know nothing," answered the other, solemnly.

"Why should I believe you? She, whom I thought the noblest of women, has fooled and jilted me. In whose honor am I to believe, after that?"

"Kenrick, I am deeply sorry for you."

"Pray spare me that. Your pity would be the last drop of gall in my cup. Will you swear to me that you do not know where she is gone—that you had nothing to do with her going?"

"Directly, nothing," answered Cyril, very pale.

His conscience smote him for that scene of yesterday. He had given the reins to passion—he, a man who had hitherto shaped his life upon principle. He felt himself guilty.

"Directly, no. You are equivocating with me, as only your virtuous man can equivocate. You are Pharisees, every one of you, straining at gnats and swallowing camels. What about your indirect influence? It was that which broke off my marriage."

"I met your betrothed wife yesterday by accident. I was taken off my guard. In the bewilderment of that moment I may have said foolish things—"

"Yes, you urged her to break off her marriage. You left her a year ago of your own accord. And now, finding that I had won her, it came into your head to try and take her away from me. A manly course throughout."

"Kenrick, when I went away, conscience was my dictator. Yesterday I let passion master me. I confess it with deepest humiliation. But, trust me, if Beatrix did not love you, it is better—infinitely better—that you and she should be parted forever. No happiness would have come out of your union—"

"Preach your sermons to more patient listeners," cried Kenrick, savagely. "I will have none of them."

And so the cousins parted. Kenrick went to Great Yafford to make inquiries at the station; but at that busy place there had been nobody with leisure enough to particularize two ladies—one tall and the other short—going away by the six-o'clock train. Neither Miss Harefield's carriage nor Miss Harefield's person had made any impression upon the mind of the porter who had carried her luggage into the station.

There was a train started for London at six, there was another that went northward at a quarter past. There was the Liverpool train at six-thirty. She might have travelled by any one of these.

Kenrick went back to the Vicarage in a savage humor. No good could have come from the pursuit of his lost bride, but it was hard not to know where she had gone. Fortunately Cyril passed him unawares on the road between the town and the village, so those two did not meet again.

"I shall go to London to-morrow," Kenrick told the Dulcimers that evening, "and present myself at the War-office next day."

"You want to go back to India directly?" asked the Vicar.

"Yes; I shall cut short my leave by a month or six weeks."

"Dear Kenrick, why not stop with us till you recover your spirits after this cruel blow?" urged Mrs. Dulcimer.

"My kindest of friends, I could never recover my spirits at Little Yafford. Forgive me for saying so, but the place has become hateful to me. Even your kindness could not make it endurable."

"Kenrick is right," said the Vicar. "He has been very badly treated, and his profession will be his best consolation."

"There is one thing that must be settled before I go back to India," said Kenrick. "I must give—Miss Harefield—back her money. I can not carry that burden away with me. You are her guardian and one of her trustees, Vicar. You and Mr. Scratchell must manage the business between you. I can only raise the money by a new mortgage. Would it not be best for Miss Harefield's trustees to take a mortgage on my estate for the amount they have advanced? I paid the other people only four per cent. I might pay her five."

"I do not think she will take a mortgage. I do not believe she will take her money back in any form whatsoever," said the Vicar. "She has written me a letter which I shall show you when you are calmer and more disposed to forgiveness. It is a very touching letter, full of truth and generous feeling. She has treated you very badly—she has been foolish, mistaken—but she is a noble girl, and she is much to be pitied. You will be ungenerous if you insist on giving her back the money. She has more than enough without it."

"I shall be a mean hound if I keep it," said Kenrick.

CHAPTER XLIX.

MRS. PIPER'S DAY.

"I am not surprised," said Miss Coyney, when she was informed that Beatrix Harefield had gone away, and there was to be no wedding. "That unhappy young woman's guilty conscience has driven her away. A just punishment for Sir Kenrick. Of course he was going to marry her for her money. He knows, as well as I do, that she poisoned her father."

The wedding was to have been strictly private—altogether different from the imposing ceremonial that had made Bella Scratchell the second Mrs. Piper. There were no guests to be put off at the last moment; there was no confusion any where; but there was a great deal of talk in Little Yafford when it became generally known, through Mrs. Pomfret, the pew-opener, that Sir Kenrick's marriage was not to be.

There were various theories as to Beatrix Harefield's motive for her extraordinary conduct. "Guilty conscience," said Miss Coyney and her party. "A prior attachment," said the more charitably inclined. "The girl must be wrong in her head," said the matter-of-fact matrons and middle-aged husbands, who could not understand the fits and starts of passion.

Perhaps in all the neighborhood there was only one person, except the rival cousins themselves, who guessed the real cause of Miss Harefield's flight. That person was Mrs. Piper. She knew how deeply Beatrix had loved Cyril, and it hardly surprised her that, at the last moment, she should refuse to consummate a loveless bond.

"It might have been happier for me if I had run away," thought Bella, looking round her apple-green dressing-room, with all the gewgaws Mr. Piper's generosity had heaped upon her; "yet any other life than this would be almost unbearable now."

Time went on. Kenrick returned to India, leaving his honor in Mr. Dulcimer's hands. Miss Harefield's money was to be paid back, and without loss of time. Kenrick's lawyers and Mr. Dulcimer were to arrange the matter between them—somehow; but it must be done. On that point Sir Kenrick was firmly resolved.

The lawyers were as slow as most of their craft, and saw no reason why such a business as this should be precipitated. Mr. Dulcimer was the last man to hasten the movements of the lawyers. Happy in his world of shadows—now digging out the forgotten temples of Nineveh and Babylon, anon wandering with the lost tribes of Israel—he was apt to let the actual business of life slip out of his mind altogether. Mrs. Dulcimer had to remind him of every thing, to tell him what bills he ought to pay, what people he ought to visit—all the details of his quiet life. Now Mrs. Dulcimer was not disposed to remind her husband of Kenrick's desire to refund Miss Harefield's fifty thousand pounds. She hoped that Kenrick might, by fair means or foul, be made to keep the money. He had been cruelly wronged. The least atonement that could be made to him was the liberation of his estate from its old burdens. Thus argued Mrs. Dulcimer, while Kenrick was busy fighting the Burmese.

Before the bleak winds of March had ceased to blow their keenest across the wide waste of withered heather and sandy barrenness, before the last of the daffodils had faded in Mrs. Pomfret's neat garden, Cyril Culverhouse had come back to his old place in Little Yafford. He had done good work at Bridford, but the work had been too much for him. He could not be content to do half the work wanted, and leave the rest undone. Another man in his position would have been easy in his conscience after doing a quarter of the good that Cyril had done in that crowded lazar-house; but the knowledge of unconquerable evils, of cures only half wrought, weighed upon Cyril's spirits like an ever-present nightmare. He could not sleep for the thought of the evils round about him—the rampant iniquities, the selfishness of the rich, the godlessness of the poor. His health broke down under the burden. This time it was no fierce attack of fever, no brain sickness and delirium, but his strength went down like the sand in a glass when the hour is nearly done: appetite failed, the power of sleep left him; and Dr. Bolling told him, in plainest terms, that if he wished to go on living, he must leave Bridford.

Brought face to face with this solemn question of life or death, Cyril discovered that existence was not altogether worthless. He, who a little time ago had courted death, had now no desire to die. There were mysteries that he wanted to solve in this life before he went to investigate the awful mystery beyond it. He wanted to stand face to face with Beatrix Harefield once more. He wanted to know whether it was indeed for love of him she had jilted his cousin at the last moment. He wanted to find some stronger proof of her innocence than the sudden conviction that had flashed into his mind when he looked into her steadfast eyes, and saw scorn of his weak doubts, fondest love for himself, at war in her soul. While he lived there was always a chance, however remote, of his discovering the truth. While he lived there was always the possibility that Beatrix and he might meet. She was not his cousin's wife. Fate had spared him that last bitterness. He could think of her without sin.

So he came back to Little Yafford, to his old rooms, his old friends, his old ways, and the old hard-working life which seemed so easy after the vain endeavor to cleanse that Augean stable, an overcrowded manufacturing town.

"I never feel as if I had too much work to do so long as it is work that can be done," he said to the gentle Vicar. "To grapple with impossibilities and feel one's self being daily worsted—that is the trial."

There were two of his parishioners at Bridford whom Cyril could not be content to leave behind him. Those were Emmanuel Joyce and his mother. Emmanuel's gratitude for the man who had risked his life to save him had done what argument and teaching might never have accomplished. Emmanuel was now a conscientious conforming Christian. He believed as the lepers believed, because he had been saved. The conduct of one Christian man opened his heart to receive the sublime mystery of a Redeemer who was more than man. He went to the altar without one lurking doubt. He made himself like a little child, and confessed that all the learning he had been so proud of was nothing when weighed against his friend and teacher's one act of Christian self-abnegation.

"What was I, that you should sacrifice yourself for me?" he said. "When man can be so generous, I will no longer refuse to believe that God can suffer and die for sinners."

"I would have you believe upon better grounds than any friendly act of mine," said Cyril.

"I have been face to face with death. Men learn strange things on their death-beds. A death-bed repentance may be a poor thing, but a death-bed revelation may compass what a life of study could not do."

And then Emmanuel, being by nature an enthusiast, talked wildly of the visions of his bed of pain—the cloud-curtain that had been lifted up from the invisible world—the wonders that he

had seen and heard in that mysterious border land between life and death.

Cyril asked no more than a simple unquestioning belief.

It was with a thrill of joy that he saw Emmanuel kneeling before the altar rails, meekly lifting up his hands to receive the sacred symbols of Divine love. Could he leave his convert behind him in the fever-tainted alley, where the sweet summer-tide was ever the harbinger of death? No. He made up his mind that Emmanuel and his mother should go with him.

"I am doubtful if you would be able to live at Little Yafford by shoe-mending," he said, when he discussed the question with Joyce and the widow; "but if I could get the school-master a better berth somewhere else, I am sure you could manage the school, with a little help from me at the beginning."

"Oh, Sir, it would be the very thing for him," cried Mrs. Joyce. "His father began life as a parish school-master, and he gave Emmanuel a good plain education. He was very severe with the poor lad, but that was partly in his anxiety to make him a thorough scholar. I don't think there's any one could beat my boy in arithmetic or Bible History. I'm sure he could teach. You'd like to teach, wouldn't you, Emmanuel?"

"John Milton was a school-master," said Joyce, with his face all aglow. "I should like it of all things—if you think I could do it, Mr. Culverhouse."

"As for book-learning," cried the widow, "I don't think there's one in a thousand—no, not even among the gentlefolks—has read as much as my Emmanuel."

"A wide range of reading would hardly be required, though every teacher must be the better for it," said Cyril, smiling. "But I know that Emmanuel has been well grounded in a plain English education, and that he now thinks rightly upon religious questions, so I fancy he might teach well in our parish school. Of course the first thing to be done is to get a better place for the present man, who is a very good master."

Cyril did not add, as he might have done, that the present school-master's merits were chiefly his work. He had taken infinite pains to teach the teacher as well as the pupils.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BIRDS *NOT* OF A FEATHER.

A little English swallow with a sigh
Left her dear nest among the Yorkshire dells,
Built in the ivy of a church tower high,
Where brooding songs had gone with chiming bells;
And she had known the spell of evening's calm
Thrilled with the music of the vesper psalm—

Left her dear nest, resolved this year to see
If in the East there were enchanted vales,
Where rose and jasmine over hill and lea
Hung round the songs of Persian nightingales,
Yet quite convinced not Araby the Blest
Had scents and music like her English nest.

Alas! my swallow did not read the news;
And when she reached the green Wallachian plains,
She found them stained with new and frightful hues,
And heard all round such wild and awful strains,
Such booming, beating, clashing, far and near,
That she was half beside herself with fear,

And flew, with frantic speed and trembling heart,
Eastward and eastward, till the Asian moon
Showed her an orange grove, set far apart,
Drowsy with lonely peace and rich perfume,
And in the grove a little ruined tower,
Where she could plume her wings and rest an hour.

There, as she lighted, trembling, faint, and weak,
A nightingale drew near, and anxiously
Said, "Sister Swallow, what is it you seek?
Or is it news you bring from o'er the sea?
You seem half dead with weariness and fear:
Now rest, and tell me what's the matter, dear."

"Ah, friend, I saw upon my journey East
Two mighty armies fight like fiends of hell—
For in a church I lived, and heard the priest
About those wicked fallen angels tell."
"I know," said Philomel, with cautious care:
"Afrites and Genii of the upper air."

"But these were men; one host were Christian men;
I saw the Cross upon their banners shine."
"The fighting infidels! But tell me, then,
About the other host—what was their sign?"
"Its turbaned bands from morning until night
Watched the pale Crescent hanging o'er the fight."

"The army of the Faithful, without doubt!
Now tell me quickly, Swallow, which host won?"
"Alas! alas! amid the bloody rout,
The Cross was flying when the day was done—
Flying, but fighting; while each soldier swore
The Crescent soon should set to rise no more."

"Allah forbid!" the nightingale replied;
"And, Madame Swallow, you had better fly;
I will not say what danger may betide
If Moslem nightingales should find you nigh.
I go to sing the news. *Shake incense, flowers!*
O Sea! O Moon! O Rose! the day is ours!"

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Ninth Annual Report of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories, under the direction of Professor F. V. Hayden, for the year 1875, has made its appearance from the government press, and forms a great volume of 827 pages, with seventy plates and seven maps. The contents, as usual, contain a vast amount of information relating to the geology, topography, geography, agricultural resources, and natural history of the country.

The geographical and geological work is in continuation of the previous volumes, covering the region of Grand River, the Sangre del Cristo, the Huerfano, the San Juan, and other regions.

The very important memoir, by Mr. J. A. Allen, upon the American bison, originally published in the reports of the Geological Survey of Kentucky, is here reproduced by permission of Professor Shaler, with the omission of the original plates, but with much additional matter.

Another monograph of great economical value is the report upon the Rocky Mountain locust and other insects now injurious to, or likely to injure, field and garden crops of the Western States and Territories, by Dr. Packard.

Some idea of the extent to which the destruction of the buffalo is now carried on may be gathered from the fact that in three years' time, including 1872, 1873, and 1874, nearly half a million buffalo hides were shipped over the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad. Very few of these animals were otherwise utilized. In 1874 nearly seven millions of pounds of buffalo bones were shipped east for conversion into bone-dust, and for other purposes.

The interest in the movements and probable ravages of the Colorado potato-beetle is illustrated by the display outside of the South Kensington Museum, in London, of magnified drawings of the insect in different stages of its growth. Requests are also being continually sent to American entomologists for specimens of the living insect, several such applications having already been made to the Smithsonian Institution from Germany and Switzerland, in both cases with special instructions in regard to smuggling them through England undisturbed, in view of the positive prohibition of such importations by the British authorities.

The Westminster Aquarium may be said to possess the largest plate-glass tank in the world, one having been lately erected 150 feet long, twenty feet wide, and proportionately high. It will permit the display of fish of the largest size procurable in the British waters.

The British Museum, it is said, is about fitting out another expedition for archæological exploration in Asia, under the direction of Mr. Charles Boscawen. He will visit the region between the Tigris and Euphrates, or Upper Mesopotamia and a portion of Arabia.

Not long since, the announcement was made of the discovery in New Guinea of one of the monotreme mammals nearly allied to the echidna of Australia, and Bruijn has lately succeeded in obtaining additional specimens of this animal in the mountains on the north coast of New Guinea, at an elevation of 3500 feet.

The occurrence of this and other Australian forms in New Guinea points to a former connection between the two countries.

Mr. A. Boucard, an eminent French ornithologist, has been spending several years in America (a considerable portion of the time in the United States and Costa Rica), studying its natural history, and especially the birds and insects. He returned lately to London, where his material will be elaborated by himself in the preparation of a general work on the birds of the world, in which he has been engaged for a considerable time.

Nature records the ascent by Wiener of the mountain Illimani, one of the most elevated peaks of the Bolivian Andes, and visible from the city of La Paz. This, according to Pentland, has an altitude of 24,200 feet; but Wiener gives it at 20,112 feet. Another observer, however, places it at 21,224 feet.

According to *Nature*, its ascent by Wiener is not only the highest climbing ever made in the Andes, but represents a greater altitude than has hitherto been reached on the earth out of Asia, and in Asia has only been surpassed by Mr. Johnson, who attained an altitude of 22,300 feet at Cashmere.

Of the series of "Miscellaneous Publications" of Professor Hayden's Survey, two new volumes have lately been issued. No. 7 is on the ethnography and philology of the Hidatsa, Minnetaree or Gros Ventre Indians, by Dr. Washington Matthews. No. 8 is the first portion of a series of memoirs on the mammals of North America, by Dr. Coues.

The Hidatsa memoir contains notices on the ethnography and philology of the people referred to, together with a copious vocabulary that can not fail to be of great interest to the anthropologist.

Dr. Coues, in his volume, gives a notice of the *Mustelidæ*, of the fur-bearing group, embracing the wolverenes, martens, weasels, skunks, the badger, the otters, etc. This paper is accompanied by a large number of plates of crania, and, like all his publications, is characterized by exhaustive research and completeness.

The yield of salmon eggs at the United States fishery on the M'Cloud River has not been as great this year as previously, owing to the interference of the canning establishments at the mouth of the Sacramento with the ascent of the fish. It is expected, however, that about six million eggs will be obtained, but not quite enough to satisfy all the applications.

The organization of the staff for the first station of the International Association for the Exploration of Africa has been arranged, and consists of Messrs. Cambier, Crespel, and Mais, to be accompanied by Marno as naturalist. The party is to leave Southampton on the 20th for Algoa Bay and Natal, and after remaining there for a few weeks, will proceed to Zanzibar, *en route* for Tanganyika.

Professor Wilson communicates an article to *Land and Water* on the sea-serpents of science, apropos to the object lately observed by the officers of the royal yacht *Osborne* off Sicily. After passing in review the various notices and announcements of these phenomena, and eliminating those which are referable to inanimate objects, such as floating sea-weed, etc., or the unusual movements of marine animals, either singly or in troops, such as the sunfish, porpoises, whales, seals, etc., he is entirely satisfied that there is a residuum of observations which relate to living forms that have not yet been known to science. He thinks that some of these observations clearly indicate the occurrence of a gigantic serpent, and especially as observed from the bark *Pauline* in the Indian Sea. According to the affidavits of the mate and crew of this vessel, made on the 10th of January, 1877, at Liverpool, they observed on the 8th of July, 1876, in latitude 5° 13′ south, longitude 85° east, three large sperm-whales, one of them gripped around the body with two turns of what looked like a huge serpent. The head and tail appeared to have a length beyond the coil of about thirty feet, and a body of about eight or nine feet in circumference. The serpent whirled its victim round and round for about fifteen minutes, and then suddenly dragged it to the bottom.

On the 13th of July they noticed a similar serpent, about two hundred yards off, shooting itself along the surface, the head and neck several feet out of the water when first seen, but soon after that elevated nearly sixty feet perpendicularly.

The existence of reptiles, if not allied to, at least suggesting the idea of, the plesiosaurus and ichthyosaurus, he also thinks possible, in view of certain observations.

Another series of phenomena appears to point to a gigantic cephalopod, cuttle-fish, or squid of enormous magnitude. That such animals do exist is unquestionable, notwithstanding the former incredulity on the subject, the sperm-whales quite frequently when caught vomiting up blocks or chunks of the body or arms of cuttle-fish almost proportionate to that of the body of the sperm-whale itself. Of late several gigantic squid have been captured on the coast of Newfoundland, one of these, taken in the end of September, 1877, having a body nine feet in length and arms thirty-five or forty feet long.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Commendation is decidedly useful when it acts as a wholesome incentive to continued well-doing. Whether the *British Mercantile Gazette* intended to produce this result by certain encomiums recently made concerning American inventions and industries may be doubtful. But the Americans may as well have the benefit of foreign criticism, favorable as well as unfavorable. After alluding to the "ever-lengthening list of American-made goods" which are "displacing English manufactures" in England and in other foreign markets, the *Gazette* enlarges upon the "alarming growth" of American competition in Australia and New Zealand. It remarks that English manufacturers are "losing ground," and gives the following explanation of this fact:

"English manufacturers are slow to adopt new patterns or to accommodate themselves to the wants of their customers, but their American competitors spare themselves no pains or expense in this way. They are constantly on the look-out for novelty and improvement, and by good trade organization and close intercommunication they are always kept well posted up in what is being done by their rivals in other parts of the world. Their illustrated pattern-books, which are distributed with lavish hand among their customers, are marvels of engraving and typography, and no amount of canvassing or advertising is spared to bring the merits of their productions before the world. Above all, the Americans take care that their goods shall correspond to sample, and be turned out in a finished and workman-like manner, unlike those of many English makers, who never trouble themselves to inspect the work they send away."

The department for registering letters in the Post-office does a large business. During the past year nearly four and one half million letters were registered. Only an average of one in five thousand were lost, and of those a large proportion were finally recovered.

Planets are growing numerous—rather too numerous for common people to keep track of them. A new one, of the eleventh magnitude, was discovered on November 12.

It may not be generally known that the American Geographical Society has what is now regarded as the finest geographical library in the world. It has over 13,000 volumes. The Royal Geographical Society of London has a greater number of volumes, but as a collection it is not as rare or as valuable as that of the American society. The latter society's collection of atlases is also remarkable for its completeness, beginning with the atlas of Ortelius, in 1570, the first ever published, and embracing every one of importance down to the present day. It has also a large collection of maps and charts, but not as large as the collection of the London society. The society possesses a building of its own—No. 11 West Twenty-ninth Street—and has over 1400 members, one-third of whom live in other States.

Recent inventions inspire us to change a couplet we have seen somewhere into the following petition:

Ah, Science! give us one more link,
That we may hear our neighbors think!

Receipts at the Patent-office during October were larger than those of any month since the establishment of the bureau, with two exceptions. This may be due to the hard times. "Necessity is the mother of invention."

The "hot-corn kitchen" seems to have awakened general interest. If all the suggestions made are adopted, there will be a chance for grand feasting in the American department of the Paris Exhibition.

Work is going on vigoroulsy in connection with the Elevated Railway on both the east and west sides of the city.

The question of admitting girls to the Boston Latin School has aroused some sharp discussion. One gentleman (Professor Everett) having reported that "Greek literature and Greek civilization are not fit to be taught to girls," President Warren, of Boston University, thus extinguishes him:

"This distinguished ex-professor we turn over to the tender mercies of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Madame Dacier, Margaret Fuller, and such like, or, if he prefer, to his old friend of Latin School days, Dr. Helen Magill, who is abundantly able to debate this astonishing thesis with him in Greek, or, if that be not suitable, in Sanscrit."

Greek may be all very well for those who have time and opportunity to study it, whether girls or boys. But other kinds of knowledge seem more in demand just now, and American girls, in response to this demand, are crowding into art schools to fit themselves for designers and engravers.

Explorations in Palestine are made difficult by the malarial climate and the unfriendly attitude of the native inhabitants.

Not long ago an interesting paper was read before the physiological section of the British Association, recounting experiments which have attracted much attention in England. These experiments were founded on a statement made some years ago by Liebig, to the effect that persons who were accustomed to use wine or alcoholic liquors with a meat diet, neither desired nor required those stimulants with a vegetable diet. Mr. Charles Napier, a well-known scientist, having undertaken to test this assertion, mentions twenty-seven cases, showing that alcohol soon becomes repugnant to the vegetarian. In several instances where intemperate habits had seemed fixed, a persistent adherence to a farinaceous diet resulted in a loss of love for liquors, and finally in total abstinence.

In connection with the Five Points Mission there are hundreds of children who are looking forward to Thanksgiving as a day on which they may enjoy a generous dinner. Those in charge of the mission desire to supply such a dinner for them. But there are also many other things needed—clothing, shoes, medicine for the sick. All donations will be gladly received and properly distributed. Rev. C. S. Brown, 61 Park Street, New York, is superintendent. Post-office address, box 4507.

A new building for the Young Men's Christian Association has recently been erected at Auburn, Maine, at a cost of $20,000. There is only one other building in the State used by the Young Men's Christian Association.

The following appreciative letter was recently written by an English clergyman to Miss Braddon, whose novels are deservedly popular on both sides of the Atlantic:

"Madam,—Perhaps you will forgive this liberty in addressing you, but I can not forbear expressing to you my thanks for the beautiful tone which ever and again is manifest in your writings. Particularly, I think, is this seen in your last novel, *An Open Verdict*, where you show that the heart of humanity is not yet dead, that the parish priest or minister of religion is not the selfish, canting sinner some people think and would have us imagine, but that among the clergy are men self-denying and Jesus-like. It is also pleasing to find you emphasizing prayer and entering the protest against atheism. In these times of theological speculation and refined skepticism, when the three great problems of life are unsatisfactorily debated—viz., the whence of man's origin (I mean his soul), the what of his purpose, the whither of his destiny—it is pleasing to find a popular novelist inquiring for 'the old paths, where is the good way?' Charles Dickens was unfortunate in not having acquaintance with a Cyril Culverhouse. Unfortunately he knew too much of a Stiggins, and hence his caricature of the clergy. But it is cause for thankfulness you have seen and known men who 'count not their lives dear unto themselves, so that they might finish their course with joy, *and the ministry* which they had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.' There are other pleasing features I have noted in this last work of yours deserving of praise, but I forbear, concluding with this wish, that our popular reading may continue to savor of that high tone which must of necessity contribute to the morality and happiness of our fellow-creatures.

"I remain, madam, with every respect, yours faithfully, —— ——, Wesleyan minister.

"*September* 14, 1877."

Detroitites are justly indignant concerning a thirty-pound package of dynamite whish was recently discovered in an express office of that city. Its true character had been unknown, and it had been tossed about like other packages, with every risk of explosion. How it was finally found to be dynamite is not revealed to the public, so far as we know; but the one who ordered or sent this dangerous substance by express, had better not repeat the experiment if he values his own peace.

The chromotype, an invention of M. Léon Lambert, of Paris, introduces a new era in photography. The best photographs have been found liable to fade in the course of years. By the chromotype exquisite pictures are now produced by photographic agency in printers' ink, or some other permanent pigment, so that the fidelity of the camera is combined with absolute safety against the effects of time. The chromotype can also be printed from any photographic negative.

The recent treaty for the suppression of the slave-trade, made by Great Britain with the Khedive of Egypt, does not prevent slaves from being sold during the spring and autumn fairs at Tanta, on the railway line to Alexandria. These slaves are of every shade, from sable black to perfect white, and are usually held at widely varying prices. Circassians, being most prized, can only be bought by the wealthy, and a rare beauty is always first offered to the Khedive. But "hard times' appear to have touched the slave markets, and this year but few sales were made at the Tanta fair, and the human merchandise went at low prices.

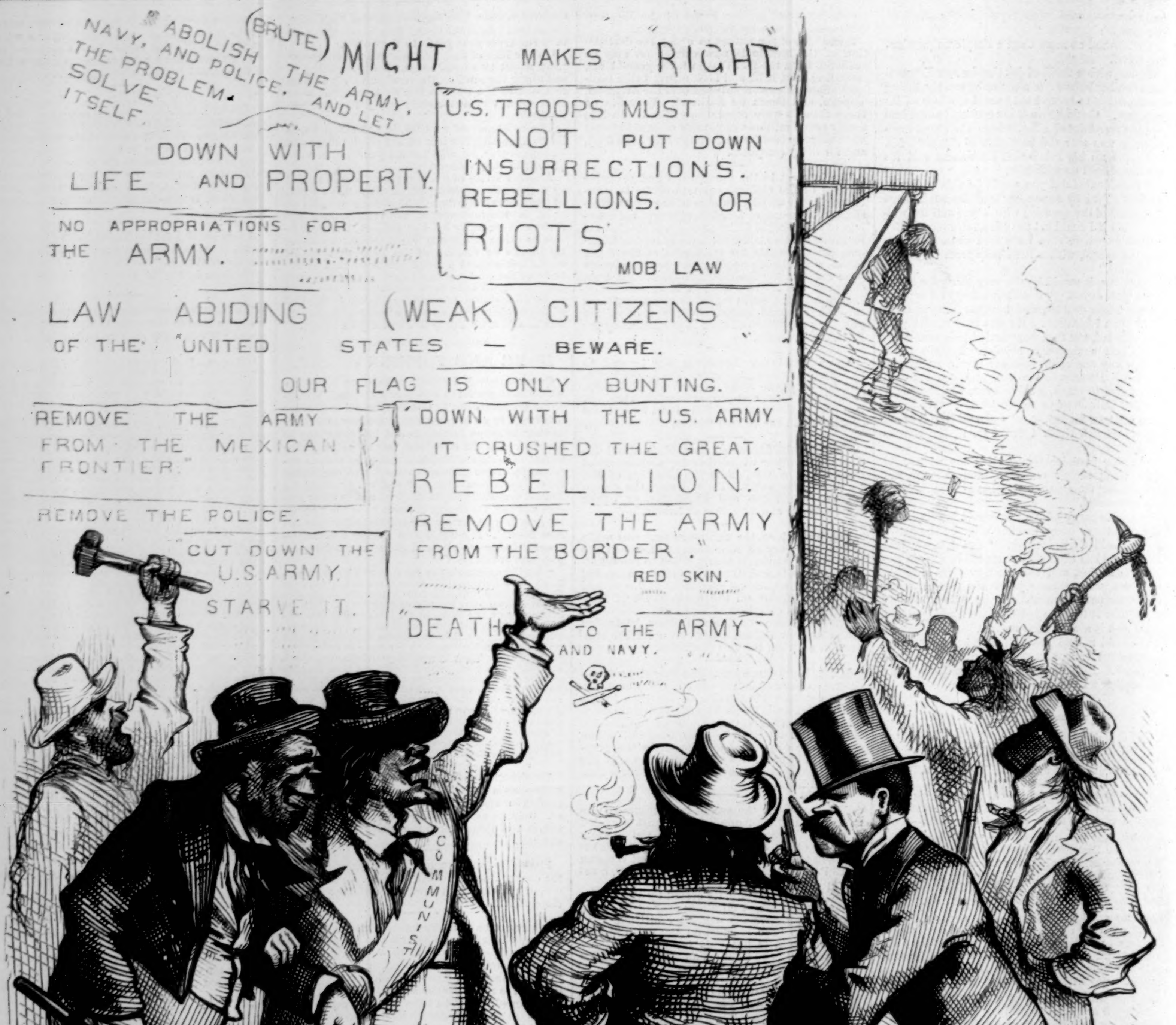
Great festivities are anticipated in Berlin next year on the occasion of the golden wedding of the Emperor William. Many potentates are expected to attend it.

Bicarbonate of soda—which is simply the cooking soda found in every kitchen—is a new remedy for burns and scalds. The injured part should be moistened, dry powdered soda sprinkled on it, and the whole wrapped in a damp cloth. The relief is often instantaneous.

One Mrs. Saurn, of Kansas, is a woman whose energy deserves mention. She has a farm of 360 acres of prairie land. Last spring she harvested ten acres of wheat of her own ploughing and sowing, and put down twenty acres more. She is not physically strong. When she began her ploughing she was so feeble that she had a chair at the end of her furrow, and was obliged at every second row to stop and rest. She chose this life because she had more fitness for it than for any thing else that gave promise of a future for two little sons whom she desires to educate to usefulness. Her health improves, and a sheep-raiser in the neighborhood has engaged her to plough ten acres of land for him, and take her pay in sheep.

The following subjects have been recently given out for Sophomore compositions at Yale College: 1, "Publicity in Administering Justice Essential to Liberty;" 2, "The Swiss;" 3, "Progress in Crime;" 4, "Prospects of the Bonapartists in France;" 5, "Importance in Life of Things not Necessary;" 6, "Paul's Journey to Rome;" 7, "Robinson Crusoe and his Imitators."

The following is the regular programme for the day with President M'Mahon: He rises at six o'clock, and rings for François, his old African valet. François brings him a cup of coffee. After the President shaves himself and dresses, he goes to his study and works until half past eleven, except on days when there is a ministerial council. At half past eleven he takes a light breakfast with his family, with whom he afterward spends a few moments, and then returns to his study for another hour's work. At three o'clock he receives the functionaries who wish to consult him. Afterward, if possible, he takes a ride on horseback, or goes on a hunt. At half past five he returns and reads the newspapers. Then comes dinner with his family, and sometimes a few friends join them. Official dinners and receptions are given once a week.



LIFE, LIBERTY, AND PROPERTY MUST BE PROTECTED.

"The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a Republican form of Government, and shall protect each of them against Invasion; and, on application of the Executive (when the Legislature can not be convened), against Domestic Violence."—UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION.

DOCTORS AT WORK ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

DOCTORS AT WORK ON A FIELD OF BATTLE.

The above engraving represents a mournful scene. An impromptu hospital has been arranged under the shadow of some trees not far removed from the field of battle, where a party of wounded soldiers are receiving attention from the physicians attached to the Society of the Red Crescent—an institution modelled upon that of the Red Cross, which had its origin during the late war between France and Germany. Owing to the exertions of these two charitable societies the suffering among the soldiery of both armies has been to a great extent mitigated ever since the beginning of the war.

During the past summer, the time when the mortality would naturally have been greatest, the health of the Turkish army was, comparatively speaking, very good. The agents of the Red Crescent were indefatigable in their labors on the field, and the arrangements made for the troops suffering from disease were excellent. The sick among all the troops occupying the tract stretching from the east of the Jantra and to the north of the Balkans were distributed among four principal field hospitals, situated at Silistria, Rustchuk, Varna, and Shumla. According to official statistics, the total number lodged in these hospitals did not even during the hottest season of the year at any one time exceed 2500. When it is considered that the field hospital in Shumla received the sick not only of the garrison there, but also of the army of occupation at Rasgrad, and of the forces located at Eski Djuma and Osman Bazar, and that the hospital at Varna was opened for the sick among the troops scattered in the Dobrudscha, it will easily be seen that this number was comparatively small, even though it did not include those who were wounded in battle.

The hospital arrangements elsewhere are also of as excellent a character as those located in the neighborhood of the great Quadrilateral. A correspondent writing from Adrianople tells the following story illustrative of the treatment received by the wounded at the hands of foreign physicians: "'I'll be your slave all my life if you cure me.' It was a poor wounded Turkish soldier, lying in one of the neat wards of the Stafford House Hospital here, who spoke. His emaciated countenance contrasted strongly with his healthy, powerfully built frame. His dim eyes were looking wistfully on the ever-cheerful face of Dr. Bond Moore, whose Herculean form was bending over him. 'The keeper of the ward wanted to dress

my wounds this morning,' he went on, 'but I told him that I would rather wait the whole day long, if necessary, till the English *hakim* would come and see to me himself.' The story of the poor fellow is only one out of many hundreds. He had his first and slight dressing days probably after the fatal Russian bullet or sabre did its best to perform its destructive duty upon his body. Left without any further medical assistance, he reached this town after an exhausting journey of at least three days, during which he was exposed to the fiery rays of the summer sun in the jolting ox-cart which conveyed him from Kazanlik to Philippopolis. After a few days' stay at the latter town, he had the questionable good fortune to be hurried into a horse-wagon, without any straw even to soften his hard couch, to be carried by rail to Adrianople. Here he was taken out of the train as a 'severe case,' not without an energetic protest on his part that he was able to go on to Constantinople; for he was afraid that he would be left here, as he had been already at Philippopolis, at the mercy of a scanty and slow-working staff of Turkish surgeons. And here he is in the Stafford House Hospital, blessing Providence who directed him into the hands of the *Inglis hakim-bashi.*"

All the wounded do not express themselves in this outspoken manner, but the doctors speak of them every where in the same terms—"they never have seen such grateful patients in their lives." The arduous work of the foreign surgeons serving under the banner of the Red Crescent is amply repaid in all cases by the evident signs of appreciation awarded to their labors, and by the heroic patience shown by the wounded Turks. The power of endurance shown by the latter is simply incredible. No matter how serious their wounds may be, they are all quiet, confident, and cheerful. One physician says of them: "They show, as a rule, only one anxiety—'How long shall we have to wait before we shall be able to go and fight the Muscov once more?'"

The only serious difficulty the surgeons encounter is the repugnance of many of the severely wounded to having those amputations performed by which alone they have a chance of surviving. The following story is told of an Arab, said to be a splendid swarthy fellow of the purest Bedouin type, who might have realized a fortune had he known enough to apply for the position of model in a Paris studio. He was shot in the right ankle at Eski Sagra, and as he remained a fortnight without any further medical aid than a single dressing applied soon after the occurrence, it is no wonder that his wound got in such a state as to render amputation of the leg necessary. When it was proposed to the poor fellow, he pathetically replied that he had been created with two legs, two arms, and two eyes, and that if he had to die, he would go to heaven with two arms, two legs, and two eyes.

Unhappily the arrangements made for taking care of the sick and wounded of the army do not include the non-combatants of these war-distracted provinces, who are being reduced to the direst straits. The devastation of the crops, followed by protracted autumn rains, has induced one form of disease after another, until the villages appear like huge hospitals, in which there is no attendance and no arrangements for the comfort of the sick. A correspondent, in speaking of Poradim, which fitly represents many of the towns in the neighborhood of Plevna, says: "Nearly all the inhabitants appear to be afflicted with fever and dysentery; and I do not wonder at it, considering the miserable existence they lead. They have no beds, except in the few principal towns; but all the family lie down together in their clothes on the floor, with their heads against the soddened walls, with perhaps a few sticks of wood left burning in the chimney-corner all night. The consequence is that fever rages among them at such a time as this, and they apparently have no remedies. There is no doctor, not even a medicine-man or a quack, in the neighborhood. One told me the other day, when I advised him to send for the doctor, that there was no such individual nearer than Gabrova, two days' journey or more distant. The inhabitants slouch about, moaning and complaining, and muttering incantations over one another, until they either die or get better. Crouching down around their wood fires in the low, dark, sepulchral dwellings, destitute of every vestige of comfort, trying to escape from the inclement weather, and yet ignorantly courting all its evil effects, they form the most deplorable picture of poor humanity I have ever seen. In and about the Balkans the natives are in every thing a much superior class, but hereabouts they are very low in the scale, and weather such as we are now having brings out their misery in high relief."

Some effort is being made to mitigate this horrible condition of things by the different relief societies organized in England and elsewhere. For instance, the Fugitive Relief Fund, with which the generosity of the Baroness BURDETT-COUTTS is associated, is being well administered by carefully selected agents. A correspondent of the London *Times*, in describing a recent visit to Kazanlik, says: "Yesterday Consul BLUNT and his colleagues came here, having distributed flour, rice, clothing, etc., to upward of a thousand persons, whom they found in the ruins of villages or encamped in the open ground between Philippopolis and this place. A regular house to house, or rather ruin to ruin, inspection was carried out with the best results, relief being administered to those who required it on the spot and without the intervention of any authority. Sufficient to last entire families throughout the coming winter has thus been distributed. The above gentlemen give a distressing account of the state of the country; many villages, completely destroyed, are occupied by groups of such of the returned inhabitants as succeeded in escaping with their lives, but nothing besides. These poor creatures sit about among the ruins, glad of a shed or outbuilding which will afford shelter from the rain or cold. A scant store of Indian corn is their only sustenance."

Apparently the Turkish authorities can not do any thing for the relief of these unfortunates, and but for the assistance rendered by foreign bounty, an endless number of lives would have been added to the list of those already lost. Even in towns beyond the area devastated by the war the inhabitants assert that they have exhausted their resources in relieving the distress of their fellow-countrymen, and earnestly solicit aid for themselves. In general the gifts are most gratefully received, but frequently much astonishment is expressed that foreign nations should exhibit such generosity, and a motive is eagerly sought to explain the enigma. Occasionally the relief is received as a right; but happily such cases are too rare to disturb for a moment the flow of charity so well timed and so deeply needed.

"THE MAN IN THE MOON."

FOUNDED as it is on one of the most plainly discernible of natural phenomena, not only is the popular myth of the "man in the moon" of undoubted antiquity, but it has also left traces of its existence in the early mythology of almost every nation of the earth. It would be as useless to attempt to fix the period of its origin as it would be impossible to determine the nation whose imagination first called it into being.

According to a fable which may claim a place among the most ancient, and which, with but slight modification, still exists in Sweden, the spots which we see in the moon are the shadow of Mâni, the moon-god, followed by the two children, Bil and Huiki, whom he carried off from the earth as they were on their way to draw water from the well Byrgir in a vessel which they bore between them suspended on a pole. Later, in the early Christian times, the stealer of children was transformed into a stealer of wood. He was no longer the moon-god, but the thief who was stoned by the Hebrews for stealing wood on the Sabbath. After death he was banished to the regions of the moon, where he may still be seen, carrying an axe (the *pole* of the Scandinavian legend) on his shoulder and a bundle of fagots in his hands. It is in this guise that he first finds his way into English legendary lore and appears in English literature. Chaucer represents him as

> "a chorle painted ful even
> Bering a bush of thornis on his bake,
> Whiche for his theft might clime no ner the heven."
> *Testament of Creseide*, 261.

He is still more minutely described in "A Song upon the Man in the Moon:"

> "Mon in the mone stond and strit,
> On his bot forke is burthen he bereth,
> Hit is much wonder that he na doun slyt,
> For douteless he walle, he shoddreth & shereth,
> When the frost freseth, muche chele he byd,
> The thornes beth kene, is hattren to tereth."
> *Ritson's Ancient Songs.*

There is but a step from this to the familiar lines in which Shakspeare also introduces the "man in the moon:"

> "One must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine."—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 1.
>
> "The man should be put into the lantern: how is it else the man i' the moon?....
>
> "All that I have to say is, to tell you that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn bush, my thorn bush; and this dog, my dog."—*Ibid.*, v. 1.
>
> "*Cal.* Hast thou not dropped from heaven?
> "*Ste.* Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon when time was.
> "*Cal.* I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee; my mistress showed me thee, thy dog, and bush."—*Tempest*, ii. 2.

According to another version of the legend, the "man in the moon" is no other than Isaac bearing the wood for his own sacrifice on Mount Moriah. It is, however, difficult to understand why Isaac's obedience should have been followed by his relegation to the moon. Italian folk-lore is evidently more reasonable in supposing him to be Cain, whose unacceptable offering to God consisted of a *thorn bush*, the most worthless produce of his land. The fable is referred to by Dante:

> "Ma ditemi che sono i signi bui
> Di questo corpo, che là giuso in terra
> Fan di Cain favollegiare altrui?"
> *Paradiso*, ii. 50.

> "But tell me what the dusty spots may be
> Upon this body, which below on earth
> Make people tell that fabulous tale of Cain."
> *Longfellow's Translation.*

In the *Inferno* there is a direct reference to the *thorns:*

> "Ma vienne omai! chè già tiene il confine
> Di ambo e due li emisperi, e tocca la onda,
> Sotto Sibilia, *Canio e le spine.*"
> *Inferno*, xx. 126.

> "But come now, for already holds the confines
> Of both the hemispheres, and under Seville
> Touches the ocean wave, Cain and the thorns."
> *Longfellow's Translation.*

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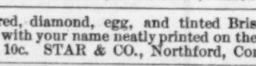

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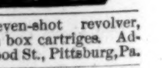

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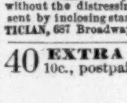

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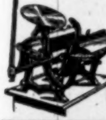

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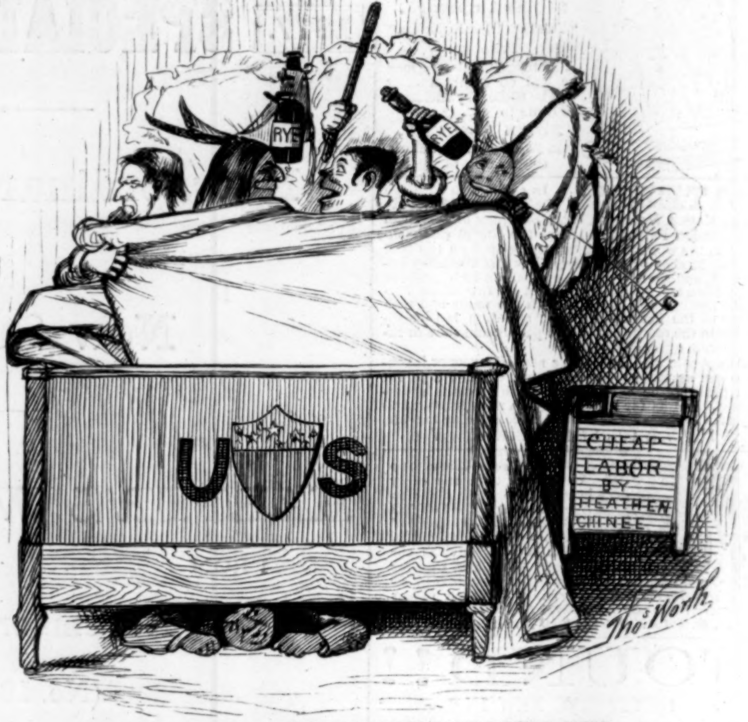

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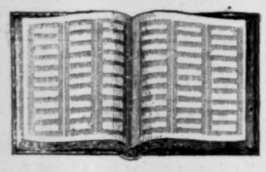

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A SCHOOL TREAT IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND, SWITZERLAND.

SWISS SCHOOLS.

THE common-school system of the United States, elaborate and comprehensive as it is, more than finds a parallel in the little republic of Switzerland. Attention to the business of education is to the Swiss an unceasing and engrossing duty from the cradle to the grave. The school is with him always—as a child and as a man. No sooner has he ceased to be a pupil than he starts into a principal. The village schools are governed by the villagers, and as a member of his village, be he preacher, woodman, goat-herd, or innkeeper, he must take his share in managing these public schools. He has to build them, to conduct them, and to keep them up. He has to choose the teacher and director, and to pay a portion of their stipends from his private purse. As soon as he has children of his own a new relation opens. He then becomes a visitor, on private as well as on public grounds, for each parent has a right to visit and inspect the school, to see the teacher, and to consult the records of his child's progress.

In Switzerland the first intelligent idea that presents itself to an urchin's mind is that he must go to school. He sees his brother and his sister go there; he sees them bring their lessons home; he sees them rise at dawn to learn their tasks. If he is stout of limb and clear of head, he recognizes his own destiny in them, and knows that in the fullness of time he also must troop to school. On coming to a certain age—in some places six, in others seven years—his right to stay at home and luxuriate in the manufacture of mud pies will cease. He is a member of his commune, and the commune will not suffer him to waste the precious hours of youth in the composition of unappetizing pastry. The school will seize him, hold him fast, and rear him into what he is to be—banker, butcher, baker, or candlestick-maker—but in no case will it lose its grasp until he grows to be a man.

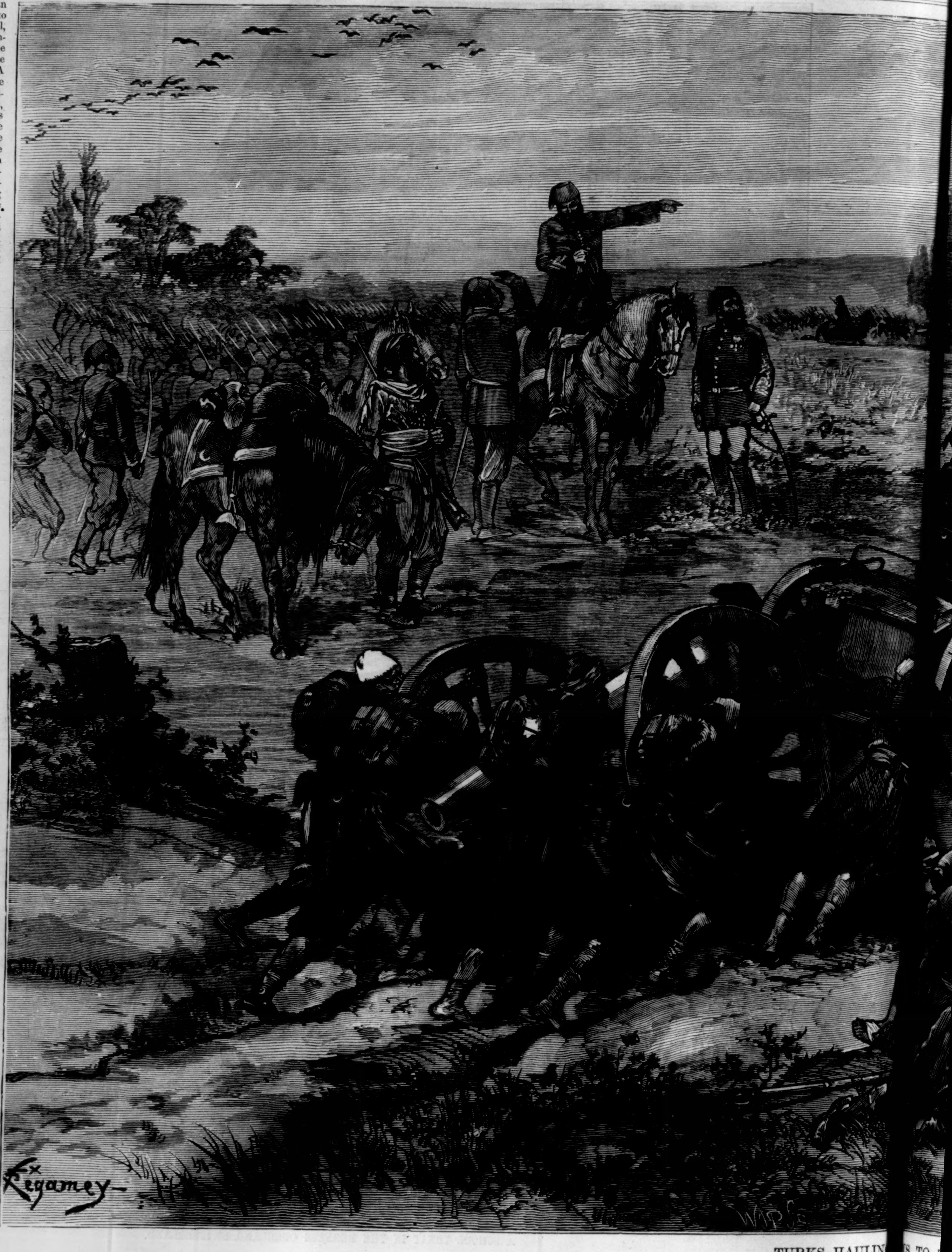
The manner in which the Swiss schools take possession of the children is typified by an ancient fountain in the streets of Berne. Below where the water falls stands an ogre known to the Bernese little folks as *kindli-fresser* (children-catcher). This monster lives by devouring boys and girls, and clutches them as they go by. One child is seen disappearing down his throat, three little ones flutter in his capacious wallet, while another group twist and wriggle in his belt. Grown men dispute about the legend of this ogre in the streets of Berne. One holds him to be a feudal lord; another insists that he is an emblem of the Church. A pastor says that the ogre who devours his offspring is the revolution; while a sharp young student from a neighboring college advances the idea that he is only Time. But neither man nor boy in Berne sees in him a representation of the omnivorous Swiss schools; for if school is fate to a Swiss child, the vision comes to him in the likeness of a fairy, not an ogre. The

fairest edifice a Swiss can see when he goes out to walk is his village school, his city school, his cantonal school, according as he happens to reside in the country or in town. A jail, a work-house, even the town-hall itself, may nestle in some obscure spot, but a school or college is sure to be in sight, the chief ornament of village slope or city square, as the case may be. In Zurich and Lausanne, the intellectual capitals of Switzerland, the most imposing buildings are the public schools. Again, if we except the Federal Hall at Berne, the Polytechnic in Zurich is the noblest edifice in the whole country—fine alike in site, proportion, and in the beauty of its decorations. The notion prevalent among the Swiss that no marvel of architecture can be too magnificent for a school is illustrated by the following story, told by a sage professor of his little girl: "Our children," says the Swiss pedagogue, "are so accustomed to regard the school-house as the most important building in the city that they fall into the drollest errors when they go abroad. Some years ago I took my little daughter, then a child of ten, to France. Being at Versailles, I heard her clap her hands and cry with great glee, 'Look here, papa; here is the school-house—look!' It was the garden front of that great pile."

In many cantons in Switzerland it is asserted as a fundamental principle that the true end of public instruction is to combine democracy with religion, so that every boy attending a public school may grow up to be a good citizen and a good Christian. In the law of Zurich it is said, "The people's schools shall train the children of all classes, on a plan agreed upon, to be intelligent men, useful citizens, and moral and religious beings." In the law of Luzerne it is laid down that the school affords to every boy and girl capable of education the means of developing their physical faculties, of training them for life in the family, in the community, in the Church, and in the state—of putting them in the way to gain their future bread. In Vaud the law declares that "teaching in the public schools shall be in accordance with the principles of Christianity and democracy." In the law of Thurgau it is stated that "the general aim of a primary school shall be to call out the powers and talents of the children, so as to give them the knowledge and capacity of citizen life, and to train them to be moral and religious men and women." Almost every canton puts a clear announcement of this principle in front—the business of a public teacher is to make his boys good republicans and good Christians.

In the town of Zurich a question arose not long ago which came near setting the whole community in a blaze. A new girls' school was wanted. Every citizen admitted the necessity, though a stranger might have imagined there were already schools enough. The only question was in what locality the building should be erected. Two parties came to the front, a clerical party and a liberal party—those who put religion first and those who put democracy first. "Let us build this school for females near the minster," said the clerical party, "for the female mind is more susceptible than the male; and if we keep the women, we shall always have the men." The radical party met them with the counter-cry: "No more connection of the Church and school; the clergy have no business in the class-room. Let us build on neutral ground—beyond the ancient wall, among the vineyards, in the sunshine." Public policy was with the radicals. No ground was vacant near the minster save the public square, and open spaces are so rare in Zurich that a project for invading one of them arouses the most violent opposition. The war of words grew hot, elections turned upon the question, and the strife waxed more and more bitter, until finally the clerical party got the sober people known as *pères de famille* upon their side. These fathers said their girls should grow up beneath the shadow of the minster; it was better for them, it was more respectable, it was their fate. And so the school was built on the ancient cloisters, round the graves of venerable monks, a slice being added from the public square large enough to accommodate a part of the building.

The festivals and holidays of the Swiss are all connected with his life at school. Each change is made the pretext for a feast. There is always a feast when the term opens, and a feast at the beginning of every vacation. When a new teacher comes, there is a feast; when he leaves, there is yet another feast. The illustration on page 953 gives a pleasant idea of one of these festivals.



TURKS HAULIN S TO T

HAULING GUNS TO THE FRONT.

The artillery of the Turkish army is said to be the best arm of the service. Modelled upon the Prussian system, the training of the field artillery has been intrusted to German instructors, who have displayed great energy in the performance of their duties, and thus been enabled to surmount in a great measure the jealousy, suspicion, and fanaticism that abound wherever foreigners are employed in Turkey. At the beginning of the war it is stated that muzzle-loaders and breech-loaders, bronze and steel, rifled and smooth bore, French, Prussian, and English systems, were mixed up in the same regiment. Recently, however, a more perfect organization has been introduced, and at present nearly the whole of the field artillery is composed of 4-pounder and 6-pounder Krupp guns. One serious difficulty with which the Turks have to contend is the scarcity of horses suitable for artillery purposes. Small and exceedingly hardy, the Turkish horses are admirably adapted to light cavalry and outpost work, but fail miserably as ... nimals. T...
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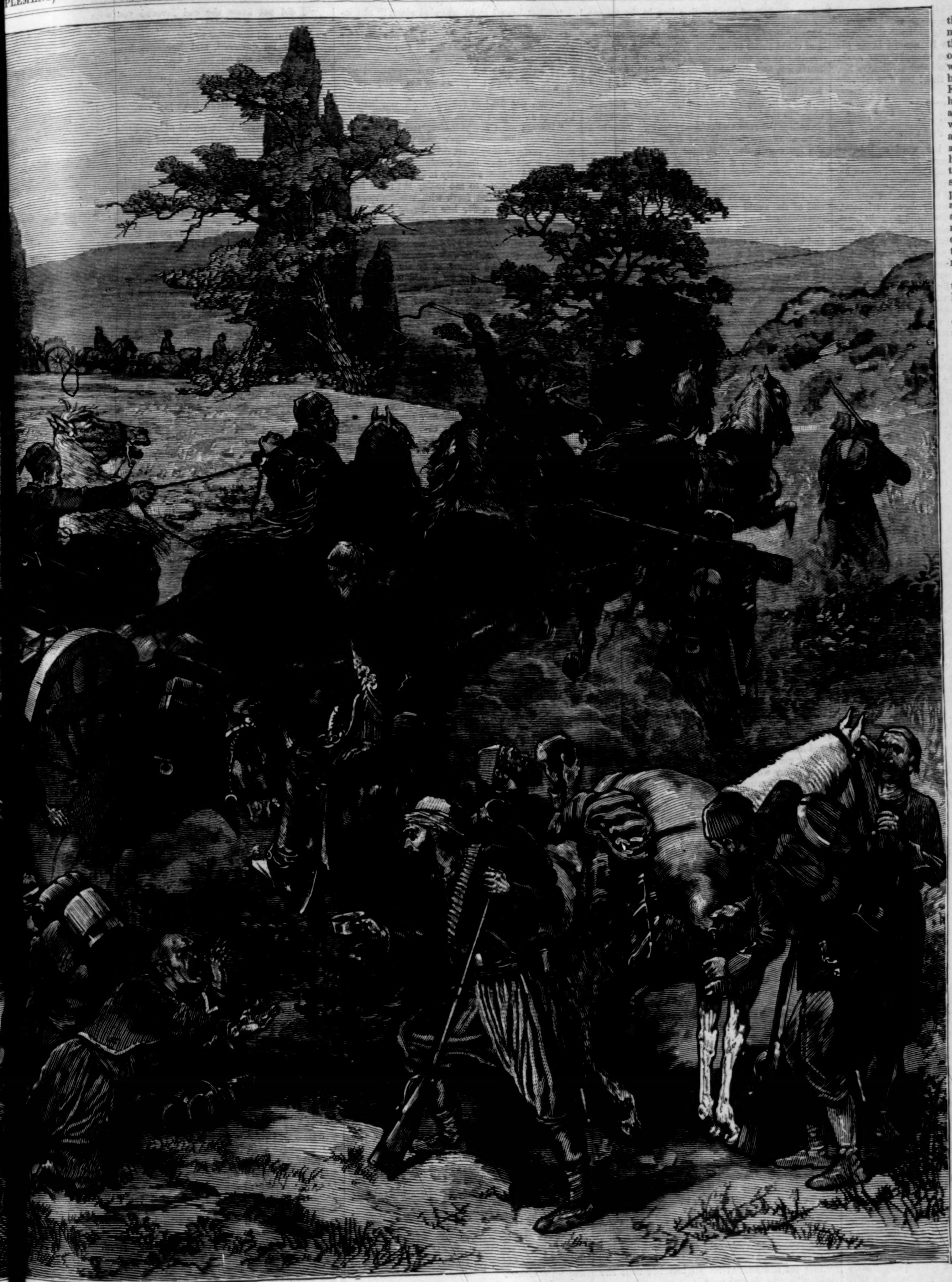

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On high ground, where the soil is clayey, the surface dries quickly, but on leeward slopes and in the gullies the mud is frequently a foot deep, with a bottom of black soil, into which the wheels of the artillery carriages sink, defying the efforts of both men and horses to extricate them.

In the region of the Danube the overflow occasioned by the autumn rains has made the transportation of army supplies almost an impossibility. A correspondent gives the following account of the lamentable plight of baggage trains making their way to Sistova: "As I descended from the heights into Sistova, looking down on to the five bridges across the Danube and the long lines of transports slowly creeping over them and along the river-side, I could hear the shrieks and yells of the Russian, Roumanian, and other drivers urging on their struggling horses and bullocks through the deep mud and water. When I reached the river-bank the scene was a strange one. Bullock wagons and others, drawn by long strings of small horses, were sinking further and further into the thick mud as the poor beasts strained every nerve, and the dirty, mud-splashed drivers exerted themselves and their voices to move on a few yards at a time. Ammunition caissons had their axles broken, and the débris of carts and wagons come to grief were strewn all along the river-banks. Looking down the Danube, one would have thought that there had been a number of shipwrecks."

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

POOR ZEPH!

By F. W. ROBINSON.

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," "SECOND-COUSIN SARAH," "HER FACE WAS HER FORTUNE," ETC.

CHAPTER III.—(*Continued.*)

SMILES'S BENEFIT.

"You would have come a little earlier if you wanted to talk to me," she condescended to explain.

"I have been very busy this evening—I could not get away," he said; and Zeph shook her head incredulously at his reply.

He could not tell her that he had made up his mind not to see her again; that he had scoffed at his own fancy, his own wild wish to meet her—his own bad taste almost—until Frank Amoore had looked him up at his chambers, and barred the way, as it were, to the Grandison, and then he had fretted and fumed until his friend had gone and left him free to act. This was the result of his freedom: a mad plunge after a pretty face, an insane desire for half an hour's flirtation with a milliner—the forging of one more link in a chain the heaviness of which he never dreamed of then.

It was one o'clock, and the band was playing its last galop.

"Shall we wind up the evening with a dance?" he said, suddenly.

"Just to show that you are not above present company," replied Zeph, archly, as she rose.

"Just to render this night memorable to me," he said, in a tone that startled her, as she took his arm and walked to the ball-room, at the door of which she stopped.

"Oh my!" she exclaimed, "I am afraid I promised Mr. Budds."

"Never mind that fellow. You will dance with him all the rest of the year, perhaps," he said; and then they were whirling round the room in a galop, and Mr. Budds, after watching them for a while with his thumb-nail between his teeth, dashed at the brown sherry again, and overdid it with four more glasses, and rendered life a blank till the boy took the shutters of the shop down next day, and found him on the parlor rug, with his widowed head against the fender.

Long before that time Zeph Carrington and Dudley Grey were standing in the street together, and the revellers were streaming from the entrance and going their various ways. Zeph was cloaked and hooded, and Dudley hoped that she would not catch cold.

"Not I," she said. "Good-night."

"I am going your way," he said.

"No, thank you."

"Part of your way is my way," he said.

"I would prefer it was not," was her reply.

"Are you going home alone?" he inquired.

"I have not far to go," she replied. "I am used to being alone. You must not come with me, please," she added, very firmly now.

"Ben is going your way, perhaps," Dudley said, severely. "You would not say 'No' to Ben."

"Ben knows father, who is sitting up for me. Ben is a friend of mine."

"And I am not."

"Why, of course not."

"But I may be presently?"

"Not very likely."

"You will not give me a chance," he urged; "you keep me at arms-length, and—and I long to see you again."

"Oh! don't say that," she cried.

"Will you meet me this time—can not I see you to-morrow?"

"No."

"Next Saturday, now that this —— place is to be shut, thank God?"

Zeph laughed merrily, but did not reply.

"You are frightened of me; you can't trust me," he said, reproachfully.

"I'm not easily frightened, and," she added, "I can trust you, I think."

"Well, promise to meet me here next Saturday, for half an hour only if you like."

"Oh! it isn't right."

"Where is the harm? I wouldn't harm you for the world," he said.

"No, I don't think you would—even if you could," Zeph added, confidently.

"Then you'll meet me?"

"Very well, then. Yes."

"And you will not break your word this time?"